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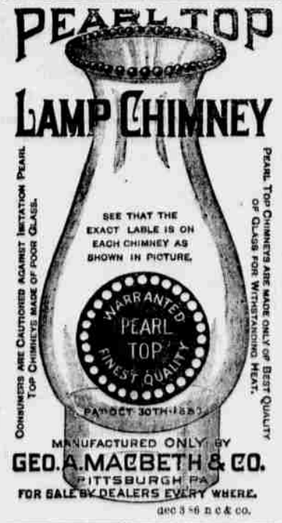

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

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RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUTCHESS."

CHAPTER XVI.

A sweeping lawn; broad terraces; far away as the eye can see a gleaming, swaying ocean. Behind the lawn a background of giant firs that blot out the sky in that direction, and throw into brilliant relief the white clad figures darting to and fro upon the tennis ground.

Gerald Massareene, having lost his game, flings his racket to the winds, and throws himself prone at the feet of Nadine Roche.

"Pretty place, eh?" says he. "Soothing to the nerves after the town fever?" Then looking at her and marking the extreme repose of her bearing, that almost borders upon lassitude, he says gently, "Tired?"

"No."

She brightens up with an effort and smiles at him in her kindest fashion. Her thoughts are tangled—her mind perturbed. Both are far from the busy scene before her. A sense of despair, of inability to move in the path that stretched out so temptingly to her view, has saddened her eyes and given a mournful curve to her beautiful mouth. Her days passed here with Maurice Duran have been infinitely sweeter to her than ever she had dreamed they might be. The very nearness of their companionship had had its charm, and though no word of love had come from his lips, still, eyes can speak when words are forbidden; and though honor renders one dumb, who can prevent the sense of gladness that comes with the touch of one beloved?

Sweet days! too sweet to last—and swift as sweet. A whole fortnight has gone by—two weeks crowded with such exquisite recollections as will (unhappily cling to her for all her life. And now it is the 16th—to-morrow will be the night of the grand ball, given in honor of Capt. Boyle's birthday, who is expected to arrive about an hour before it opens, and then— Another cruelly blissful week, perhaps, and after that a return to town, and—a hurried wedding! Then exile from all that has made life not only endurable but perfect.

Sometimes a thought of Paul Annerley has crossed her mind, but, as a rule, she has resolutely put all remembrance of him far from her. She had told herself that this one holiday at least should be her own. Afterward let oblivion, let misery come, but just for these few happy days she would let utter joy hold sway. She had heard nothing of her future husband since her departure, and if at times it had occurred to her as strange that he had not written to her from those foreign cities, whither his search of the robber of the famous sapphires led him, the sense of relief in not having to write to him swallowed up all such wonder.

"How should I feel tired?" she says now, smiling at Gerald Massareene, who has become quite a friend of hers.

He has found in her an ally—a certain partisan, who derides the notion of Millicent's ever consenting to fulfill her loveless engagement to Capt. Boyle while her heart is given to another. That other, now stretched at the pretty partisan's feet, is quite willing to accept her reading of the situation. Though Millicent herself has been somewhat difficult to understand, a little vague in her answers, a trifle willful, in a degree—a marked degree—averse to being brought to the point, still Mr. Massareene is inclined to believe in the creed of his pretty confidante when she declares herself ready to affirm publicly her belief in the constancy of his fair, if rather trying, love.

"Well, I'm glad you are not," says he pleasantly, alluding to her assertion that she knows no fatigue. "To-night there will be an influx of guests, ordered, like the supper, for to-morrow night, and it would not do to be in poor form. You look pale, however."

"Are many coming?" "Enough to make us put on our best bib and tucker and our choicest manners. You will have to make your very best bow to the lord lieutenant of the county, and to smirk at a youthful if very famous general. The only thing to be careful about is not to overdo it to-night; to remember that the morrow will bring the big Nautch, and to reserve some smiles for the hero of the hour."

He speaks with some bitterness.

"To-morrow night will bring Capt. Boyle." She looks at him softly out of her serene eyes. "Do not let that make you unhappy. His presence means less than nothing. Indeed, I believe it will do your cause good."

"Sweet prophetess! I would I dared share your creed."

"What creed?" asks Duran, who has joined them unseen.

"A belief Miss Roche has in the unconquerable power of love," replies Massareene gayly, springing to his feet and crossing the close turf to where he can see Millicent standing, for once, alone.

"And so you believe in love's omnipotency," says Duran, gazing at Nadine with calm searching eyes. "You?"

"There is surprise in your tone—and doubt. Why should I not hold such a creed?" returns she steadily, though her lips have grown very pale.

"I cannot answer that here. Will you come with me to the Firwood? I shall not keep you long, and I must speak to you. Do not refuse me, Nadine. This is probably the last hour we shall ever have together. I leave the park the day after to-morrow."

She had shrunk a little from him when first he appealed to her, but as his pleading grew stronger, more impassioned, she rose. With her eyes downcast, and her color faded to a pallor that bespoke an anguished heart, she moved beside him to the wood he had mentioned.

Presently they enter it. The eternal greenness of it stirs her blood once more to an admiration that rouses her and compels her return to the immediate present. Ever since she had obeyed his word, and risen and followed him hither, she had been in a kind of waking dream that had been too sweet to permit her desire for its dissolution. Now, however, that she is fully awake to her danger as well as to her pain, it is too late to withdraw from a tete-a-tete, that she feels must rive her soul.

Duran, stopping abruptly beneath the spreading branches of a huge Scotch fir, lays his hand upon her arm thus arresting her footsteps also.

"If love be indeed all-powerful how is it that I have failed?" he asks in a low tone. "No love was ever stronger than that I bear for you, and yet it has been of no avail when matched against the barrier that stands between you and me. Has it been my fault, or is it that the love should be equal on both sides, and that—yours—falls below the mark?"

She had been standing with lowered lids and trembling hands, but now, as though forced to it against her will, she looks at him. Her large, dark, mournful eyes are full of a reproach—mute, but so terrible that his heart grows warm within him. Alas! how clearly in those melancholy eyes is her pure love lying.

"It is true, then! I have your love," he says, always in a low voice, but none the less ecstatically; "and if so, my dearest, why will you repulse me? Ah! have pity on me, if you will not on yourself! Think—think before you sacrifice us both to a mistaken sense of duty."

"I have given my word," says Nadine —"my promise."

"A word—a promise—better broken. See here, my love, I have lived many years longer than you. Too many," he says after a pause, that is filled with regret for those past hours when he had not known her, and when another had borne his name—another unloved and undesired. "I cannot bear to think what years lie between your birthday and mine; but still my very age gives me the right to speak. Is it good that you should surrender all your happiness to one for whom you have no real regard, just because you once gave him a hope to that effect? Nay, there is no loyalty in that. Better let him go than live to repent the bargain he has made."

"There is my word," persists she, meekly but earnestly. "I cannot take that back; and he, too, loves me. He loves me so well," declares she with an intuition that has revealed to her the real passion of the man whom she has promised to marry, "that I think it would kill him did I now prove false."

"You are very tender toward him!" exclaims he bitterly. "But of me? how is it with me? No, I shall not die; I am not made of such brittle stuff as this other lover of yours. I shall probably live, even though you forsake me; but what of my life? is it to be all barren—all wasted? Have you no pity left for me?"

"Alas! is it kind to torture me?" says she, with such a forlorn glance as once more reduces him to a forgetfulness of self, and to the old passionate regret for her.

"It is kind. If my cruelty can rescue you from the Slough of Despond into which you now are drifting it is more than kind. What! will you live out all your fresh young life without a joy—all hope? Nadine, I implore you to pause."

"It is too late." She lays her palms upon her bosom and regards him with blanched cheeks "Oh! if I had only met you sooner; but now—now!——"

"Your words are an acknowledgment of your love for me" cries he, casting his arms about her. "I will surrender you to no man. Nadine! Beloved! Do not shrink from me—do not seek to unloose my arms."

"I must," sobs she vehemently. "Have I not told you that all this comes too late? I—I am to be married in a fortnight."

It is his turn to shrink, to pale. He opens his arms instinctively, and lets her draw back from him with quivering lips, and trembling limbs that almost refuse to support her.

"I will not believe it," he says at last hoarsely. "A fortnight To give yourself body and soul to one for whom you are caring nothing—in a fortnight! Child! Darling! Say it is not true."

"I cannot!" She has buried her face in her hands.

"And that is a woman's honor—a woman's honesty," says he, pacing to and fro upon the mossy sward with a disturbed brow, and lips stern and compressed. "Do you think this man will thank you for the empty casket you are offering him? The body without the soul would be to me worthless. Who shall say he does not think as I do? Come!"—stopping short before her and gazing at her fixedly—"tell me the name of this city clerk who stands between us! If you will do nothing toward the untying of a knot that may ruin three lives, I will."

"Paul Annerley."

"But do not pursue this matter," she says eagerly, going a step or two nearer to him and laying her hand upon his arm. "Do not, I implore you!"

"I shall pursue it until the iniquitous words are said that will bind you to him for life," replies he doggedly. "Nay." grasping her hand as she turns hopelessly away from him, "do not think me unkind, my love; it is for your happiness as for my own I strive."

"If indeed, you desire my happiness," cries she, risking all things in her longing to save him from a vengeance that some instinctive knowledge teaches her will be deadly, "abstain from intervention of any sort. Do not seek Paul Annerley. Let me fulfill my destiny. Let me marry him. Believe me, there is no hope!"

He might perhaps have misjudged her, and have believed her already wedded in heart to Annerley, but for her concluding words. But these, and the melancholy light in her large eyes, reassure him of the truth that in reality she is altogether his. There is, however, so keen a sense of weariness in her attitude and expression that he resolves on refraining from further argument.

"Well," he says, with an attempt at lightness that does not deceive her, "we have said enough for to-day, and you look tired. Come, let me take you home. Remember there will be a large addition to our party to-night, and of course you will like to look your best."

"I will go back to the house when you have promised me one thing," returns she steadily; "that you will not seek Paul Annerley for four days from this. Give me these four days."

She is trembling with excitement, and her eyes are full of tears that will not be repressed. Four days. To-day—to-morrow; these two cannot be avolded. Were she to leave now, before to-night's dinner—that is but a herald of to-morrow night's ball, when Capt. Boyle is expected, to grace his own birthday entertainment—it would be regarded as nothing less than an act of discourtesy by her kindly hostess. But the day after she might leave; Paul by that time will surely be returned to town—and her plotter thought!)—and she can easily so manage as to prevent a meeting between him and Mr. Duran.

"The four days you crave are yours," replies Duran gravely, noting the fever in her eyes. "Now, in turn, concede me a gratification. Let me accompany you back to the park."

CHAPTER XVII.

Meantime Millicent and Gerald Massareene are standing in the warm sunshine in one corner of the tennis ground. Miss Grey, who had been playing, but has now resigned her place and her racket to another, is looking at her companion with an expression half wistful, half mischievous—perhaps wholly mutinous.

"Time is flying," says the young man ardently. "Have you not come to a decision yet? It is almost the last hour. After to-morrow there will be no grace left. He returns then."

"Granit? Yes."

"You must choose between me and him. You know that, and still you hesitate. When he returns it will give him an advantage, because then he will again have the world on his side—his very presence gives him an extra chance. If you could decide—if you could let me speak before he comes."

"I don't see how his presence or absence can influence the matter. There is to me only one thing to be considered—whether or not we can live happily when quite poor."

"It wouldn't be quite," interposes he eagerly. "There would be the eight hundred a year."

"There would be—starvation!"

"If you choose to term it so," says he a little haughtily, his Irish blood aflame. "And as you so choose, it of course declares to me that you have made up your mind not to share it." He looks at her for a little while with his head well drawn up and his eyes full of an indignant entreaty. Miss Grey, receiving his look point blank, knows that the moment has come to keep him or lose him for ever.

"You are so precipitate—so impulsive," she says, with a haste that is sufficiently well bred to be devoid of the appearance of hurry that really belongs to it. "I understand the case as well as you do," petulantly. "It is poverty with one man, misery with the other. One has to decide between them—and—one does not like poverty!"

"Does one prefer misery?"

"N—o. I suppose not." Then she pauses and locks her fingers together, and then unlocks them. "It is misery either way," she says.

"Not if there is love," entreats he softly. "And—you will have to make up your mind now."

"You mean that you will not wait to receive my decision later on?" asks she, with a sudden swift glance from her eyes.

"Yes, that is what I mean," says Massareene.

It is to be now or never, then! She realizes the situation at once, and admires her true lover a little the more in that she knows he will abide by his word, and that if she now trifles with him, he will be ever the border to-morrow ere daylight shows the land, and beyond all recalling, be the voice of the charmer never so sweet.

"You mean, too!"— she says, temporizing a little.

"Nothing but that. Make your choice now, to-day, between me and him. To-morrow there will be no choice left. If you do not love me, that will matter not at all, and I shall have had an escape from one who merely used me as a toy wherewith to pass the time. If you do love me, it will matter so far that you will break all bonds and defy all discomfort to link your lot with mine." His face is very pale as he says this, but his eyes are light with resolution and his voice is firm. He is almost handsome as he looks at her, with his glance fond but determined, and his right hand resting on his heart inside his coat as though to still its tempestuous beating.

Miss Grey, with a tremulous smile, draws nearer to him.

"I have decided," she says gently. "Now and forever."

"Is it to be him, or me?" Though his accent is steady, she can see that his very lips are bloodless.

"You, you!" she says. And then there is a long, long silence between them. They are standing in a corner of the tennis ground open to all the world, so that any demonstration of joy or gratitude or love is impossible. But even when action is denied, the eyes can speak.

"My beloved!" says Mr. Massareene in a tone so low that she can barely catch it, but it is so full of infinite delight and love that she tells herself it is sufficient in itself to atone to her for the enormous fortune she is willingly flinging away for his dear sake.

"There is only one thing more," she says after a little bit. "Do not speak of this until to-morrow has gone by. It will distress auntie and Lady Valworth, and spoil her party."

"But, if I say nothing, when Boyle returns he will still regard you as engaged to him and—and he may expect"——

"He will expect nothing. We have never been a loving couple, I assure you. No. Let the matter rest until Lady Valworth has had all her enjoyment out of her son's birthday ball."

"It shall be as you wish, of course." Then, forgetful of everything save of her, he takes one of her hands and holds it closely. "Millicent! tell me you have no regret—that you do not think I have done you harm instead of good."

"I think of nothing except that I have given myself to you for weal or woe, as the case may be, and that I believe it will be for weal."

"But if not, my darling? Now that I have really won you, I grow faint-hearted lest you should ever repent. Oh! if you should do that! If there should be only poverty—that is woe—before you!"

"I should prefer that to weal with Granit or any other man," she says softly, with such a light in her eyes as he had never seen there before.

* * * * *

The day wanes slowly; and night draws near with reluctant footsteps. Nadine, standing before her glass, is conscious of a thrill of satisfied vanity as she sees the dainty vision that is gazing back at her. All in white the vision stands: a simply clad thing in virgin muslin, but with a face above it beautiful as a dream. That it is her own face rejoices the heart of Nadine.

The many guests accummulating for to-morrow night's ball have all arrived, and it is with a flutter at her breast that Nadine takes a last glance at her charming person, and clasps round her neck the diamond cross—Paul Annerley's first gift to her. It had been deemed by her too grand an ornament to be worn on the earlier evenings here, when only a simple black grenadine had been her dinner dress, but to-night, as she sees herself looking all that the heart of man could desire, in her delicate Indian fabric, she tells herself that the glistening diamonds are what will add the last finishing touch to an already perfect picture.

Taking up her fan, and returning the maid's congratulations on her appearance with a pleased little laugh, she leaves her room and goes slowly down the staircase toward the drawing room. For a minute or two she pauses outside the door, partly from natural nervousness at encountering so many strangers—their voices coming to her in a subdued murmur from within —and partly to give herself a last glance over in the huge mirror behind her, to assure herself that she is looking fairer than usual, and that in her true love's eyes she may find favor. She sighs a little as she remembers how far she will be from him in a few days' time—lost to him forever—bound irrevocably to one whom she may respect but can never love.

The smile had died from her lips, and her face is colorless as her gown when she has finished these sad musings, and opening the drawing room door, advances slowly to where she can see Lady Valworth in the distance.

The room is somewhat crowded. Many look up as she goes by them. Some regard her silently—these the men; some ask, in a deprecatory way, who she is—these the women.

All show an undisguised interest.

Lady Valworth, with whom she has become a reigning favorite, turns to greet her as she approaches her side.

"You must let me introduce you to a very charming little friend of mine," she says to her companion, Lord Aster, holding out her hand to Nadine with a kindly smile. "A friend, too, of Millicent's!" She gets through the introduction, and Lord Aster, an old beau with a juvenile lisp, and a wig callow and golden as a chicken's down, murmurs something complimentary in a boyish tone that is as labored as it is ancient.

"There are a few arrangements as yet incomplete. Some eligibles unassigned," whispers Lady Valworth to her favorite. "I should like to give you some one who would amuse you through the tedious time of dinner. Would you like"——

She comes suddenly to a dead stop. She had been murmuring to the girl in a gay aside, with a smile upon her face, but now the smile has given place to a glance of mingled astonishment and horror. Her eyes are fixed on Nadine's breast, where the diamond cross—Paul Annerley's gift—is glittering and sparkling magnificently as the girl's gentle bosom rises and falls.

"That—where did you get that?" demands Lady Valworth, in a stifled tone.

Lord Aster, fortunately, is glancing through his jaunty eyeglass at some one sitting quite at the other end of the room. Nadine and Lady Valworth are virtually alone.

"That!" asks Nadine nervously, surprised at Lady Valworth's manner. She looks so innocently at her hostess that the latter, by a supreme effort, recovering herself, lays her hand reassuringly upon her arm.

"Nothing, my love. It was a mere start I received. That pretty cross upon your neck reminded me of one I used to admire long ago. Who gave it to you?"

"Paul Annerley—Paul, to whom I am engaged," says the girl, with a little sigh. In truth, the pretty bauble—the value of which is ungussed by her—is devoid of all tender interest, coming as it did from him.

"Ah! a pretty gift," returns Lady Valworth absently. In spite of herself her manner is constrained. She moves away from Nadine and crosses the room to where Millicent is standing, conversing with Geraldine Massareene. Her face is very pale, and there is excitement in her eye as she approaches her niece.

"Millicent," says she abruptly, tapping Miss Grey's arm with her trembling fingers. "Something more than strange has happened. I must speak to you because you are her friend, and"——

"What is it? You look as if you had seen a ghost!" exclaims Miss Grey, compelling her to sink upon a lounge near her.

"I have seen what I never hoped to see again! Part of my stolen diamonds! I have seen my diamond cross!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Where!" exclaims Millicent, as much taken aback as even Lady Valworth can desire.

"Round Nadine's neck."

"Oh, you must have been mistaken! How could Nadine have a diamond cross of such value?"

"How, indeed! She said she had been given it by that man to whom she is engaged—Paul Annerley."

"A city clerk! Impossible! Dearest aunt, you may be sure you have made a mistake. These French jewelries are so good nowadays. They copy so exactly the fine old designs that one is easily deceived when brought face to face with them."

"No; I am not deceived," says Lady Valworth. Her tone is that of one who is sure of her argument. It is, indeed, so strong, so unlike the usually vacillating Lady Valworth, that Millicent is struck by it. "It is my cross—the one belonging to the diamond set Sir Thomas gave me on my marriage, that is hanging around her neck."

"But how could Nadine"——

"If you doubt it," said Lady Valworth, with sudden vehemence, "let me have an authority to prove that what I say is right. Call Sir Thomas. He is over there. Ask him." "Dear Lady Valworth, but you know you would not like to distress Miss Roche," puts in Gerald Massareene who has been perforce a listener to the disclosure and who now feels he must take a prominent part in the discussion.

He is amply rewarded for his interference by an eloquent look from Millicent.

"True—true!" says Lady Valworth sighing. "I shall not speak to Sir Thomas now but by and by I shall call his attention to it. Good heavens! Millicent this may mean the recovery of the whole set."

"Hardly I think. These matters drift. By piecemeal they enter the windows of respectable jelwelers, and all the research in the world will not bring to light the real offenders."

"Still, it gives hope. I shall examine Nadine, and—"

"Not now—not until to-morrow night has gone over our heads!" entreats Millicent, eagerly, willing to spare Nadine a shock. "Why would you make unhappy a guest in your house on the very eve of Granit's birthnight ball?"

This is the very argument of all others to gain over Lady Valworth to her way of thinking.

"Yes. All should go smoothly for Granit," says Granit's mother thoughtfully. "And Nadine—she—she may not be to blame."

"May not!" Millicent's eyes grow dark with indignant reproach. "What can you mean by such a speech as that? Nadine! Do you for one instant believe that she has had any part in this strange story of which you speak?"

"My dear child, I would not hurt you in any way, as you well know—not even through another. And as for Nadine, you can see yourself how highly I esteem her."

"Highly indeed, when you can hint at scandal in connection with her."

"I have hinted at nothing. I confess I am horribly distressed at seeing my own cross round another's neck. Do you blame me for that?"

In her distress at having brought down the anger of her son's fiancee upon her head, and her agitation at seeing again a portion of her lost diamonds, poor Lady Valworth is reduced to the very verge of despair.

"Be reasonable, Millicent. At least, grant me justice. I have said nothing to Nadine. Why should I, when I deem her innocent? Yet the connecting link between me and the robber of my diamonds lies with her."

"I will not have her connected with this affair in any way," cries Millicent, hotly, tears in her eyes. "In seeking for your missing link, you will incriminate her, and terrify her and make her wretched. And she has had nothing to do with it. Has she?"

She turns almost defiantly upon Massareene, who up to this has been silent.

"Do you think she has?"

"A thousand times no!" declares he gently. "Miss Roche and deceit of any kind seem to me as far apart as the poles. It stands to reason, too, that if she had known anything of the lost diamonds, she would hardly have worn them here."

He is so earnest, so eager in his speech, that Millicent, with her eyes full of tears, lays her hand on his. This act repays him for many things, and makes him trebly Nadine's friend. And his argument goes home to Lady Valworth, so that two causes are gained. If the latter had ever permitted herself to have any doubts, they now vanish into nothingness, and only Nadine's pale, pure face rises before her. On such a face no guilt could lie!

"My dear, I meant nothing—nothing, so far as Nadine is concerned!" she cries in agitation; "but, of course, it is only natural that I should desire the return of my diamonds—Sir Thomas' diamonds. If Nadine can help me to a solution of this difficulty, I shall forever hold her in my debt."

"Who gave this cross to her?" asks Millicent suddenly, if a little coldly.

"The man to whom she is engaged. Paul Annerley she called him. The man she is going to marry."

"You present him to me in the light of either a dupe or a swindler."

"A dupe, most probably. He may, however, be of use to us in the discovery of the missing stones."

"It will distress Nadine very much to have her lover accused of being an outsider in this affair."

"I do not see that," says Massareene, quickly, who is as honest as he is fulfilled of love. "If he can lead justice to its ends, why should he not be used? Miss Roche, I am sure, would be the very last to prevent that; and so, when you come to think of it"—looking at Millicent—"would you."

"Well—perhaps. But Nadine must not be teased now. Not to-night. To-morrow night perhaps, when the ball is over —but not before."

"As you will," says Lady Valworth, with a sigh.

She would have liked to speak with Nadine now at once. "Is it a conspiracy?" asks Duran, coming up at this moment and touching Lady Valworth lightly on the arm. "You all look so solemn—even Miss Grey, who, as a rule, is gay as spring time."

"Oh!" exclaims Millicent; "it is this curious affair," she goes on; "auntie imagines she has seen to-night some of her lost diamonds. And where do you think?"

"In the servants' hall!" suggests he, laughing.

"No. Here. In this very room, worn by one of her guests."

"Impossible!" Something in her tone removes the smile from Duran's lips. He turns to Lady Valworth. "A guest?" he says.

"Millicent is indiscreet," hesitates Lady Valworth, casting a reproachful glance at her niece.

"Not that; only a little angry," returns Millicent, with a rather tremulous smile. "And why should what you have told us be hidden? Why, after all, are we to whisper of it in corners? We almost condemn her in so doing."

"Condemn! Who!" exclaims Duran sharply,

Instinct, love, what you will, has led him to a knowledge of the truth.

"Nadine," replies Lady Valworth in a low tone, her eyes lowered.

"Who has dared"— He checks himself abruptly by an effort that renders his face as white and cold as marble. "You can scarcely allude to Miss Roche when speaking of this matter," he goes on, with a labored attempt to appear calm.

"Of Nadine? Yes. But it is all a mistake," says Millicent. "Lady Valworth has seen a diamond cross around her neck. But one cross of that sort is so like another! I for my part feel sure it is a mere coincidence." "It is a point on which no doubt should be allowed to rest even for a moment," declares Duran, his brow darkening. He looks round him. "Miss Roche is at the other end of the room. Will you permit me to bring her here, Lady Valworth, and let you have a closer examination of this cross? You, too, Miss Grey! You know the cross in question?" "I have seen it—yes," says Millicent, slowly. "If you think it better to lift this doubt from Lady Valworth's mind so—bring Nadine here. But upon one thing I insist"—fixing her eyes first on him and then on her aunt with an imperious glance—"that no thought of our suspicion is betrayed to Nadine. I will not have her hurt—offended"——

She breaks off abruptly. She is agitated, and her eyes are troubled. Could she know it, her agitation, kindly, womanly as it is—has made Duran her friend for life.

"Certainly, no allusion should be made to—er—anything awkward," puts in Massareene hurriedly.

Duran has already gone in quest of Nadine; and presently returns, bringing her to where Lady Valworth, Millicent, and Gerald Massareene are standing.

The girl, flushed and lovely, forgetful for the moment of all her cruel future, and mindful only of the happy present that has given her Duran, advances toward the anxious, expectant group with smiling lips and wide, glad eyes. Upon her neck the fatal cross is rising, falling, glittering, as only the purest diamonds can. Millicent, her gaze fixed upon them, feels her heart contract. If not Lady Valworth's cross, it is unfortunately horribly like it.

Some few words pass between her and Nadine. The latter is too full of the hour's passionate joy to heed the grief within her friend's eyes

The Columbian.

O. E. Elwell, J. E. Bittenbender, } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

Senator Sherman has resigned the Presidency of the Senate to take effect March 4, as his term of office as Senator expires then.

Dr. William A. Hammond is to contribute to the *Forum* for March an article on "Mysterious Disappearances," in which he will show that many of the persons who so strangely disappear in our large cities are subjects of a temporary loss of personal identity, a not unusual form of mental aberration; and he will cite many interesting cases in support of this view.

The mutilation of the bodies of murdered men to prevent identification, is one of the latest phases of crime. A New York butcher has just been sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years for killing August Bohle. He killed him in a quarrel, and to cover his crime cut off the head, which he dropped in the river, and put the body and severed limbs in a trunk and shipped it to Baltimore. Another case has come to light at Eddington near Philadelphia. A body of a man was found on Wednesday of last week near a pond. The head and limbs were missing. The murderer has been found. Not long ago a similar body was found in the Wissahickon.

However erroneous the doctrines of Rev. Dr. McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's R. C. Church, New York, may be on the subject of property in land, the action of the ecclesiastical authorities in removing him from the pastorate of his church on account of his opinions is not meeting with general approval. Dr. McGlynn's opinions coincide with Henry George's, and he was removed because he participated in the contest for Mayor of New York in George's behalf. While we believe the theory of an equal division of property to be utterly inpracticable, if not absolutely impossible, and look upon it as a theory opposed to all accepted principles upon which modern government is based, it is not a crime, either civil or ecclesiastical to hold to such a doctrine, and the action of the Archbishop in removing Dr. McGlynn looks like an arbitrary exercise of authority. Dr. McGlynn was summoned to appear before the Pope, but he declined to go. It is now said that he will be reinstated.

Changes in the Cabinet.

SPEAKER CARLISLE LIKELY TO SUCCEED MR. MANNING.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—There is no longer any doubt here that Carlisle is to be secretary of the treasury. It is also thought to be settled that Pendleton is going into the cabinet and that Garland is going out of it. There does not seem to be so much certainty as to Colonel Lamont, but it is the better opinion and belief that he will be postmaster-general. He has great executive abilities and great skill in dealing with men. There is some speculation as to the disposition that is to be made of Mr. Endicott, who has won general respect and good will in the war department. There is a general disposition to assign him to the German mission. Postmaster-General Vilas is put down for attorney-general.

As to the railroad commission it is believed that Garland will be at its head; Clark, of Massachusetts, formerly president of the New England road, is thought to be sure of a place, and Kernan is likely to be the New York member. It is hoped that the president will hold these appointments until after the adjournment of congress, so that he can appoint Colonel Morrison. The friends of that gentleman say that he will not accept the place, and that he flies at higher game.

The superior fitness of Mr. Carlisle for the office of secretary of the treasury is recognized by every one acquainted with the intellectual equipment of the man. He is a hard student, a master of analysis, capable of sustained effort, and with great natural aptitude for public affairs. His talents have ripened slowly. He was 40 years of age when he entered congress only 10 years ago. At that time he was unknown outside of his own state and known there only as a lawyer. He has risen head and shoulders above his colleagues, and ranks next to Mr. Clay himself in the estimation of his people. Then, temperamentally, he is suited to the post. He is a patient and extremely pleasant man, and can dispose of a crowd of callers as speedily and as satisfactorily as possible. This part of the work, which was so trying on Mr. Manning, would prove no serious draft on Mr. Carlisle at all. Mr. Carlisle as a presiding officer stands almost alone in the history of the place for fairness, for moderation and parliamentary knowledge and skill. He has administered his duties like a judge on the bench, and from his decisions there is never the thought of appeal.

Six Months for Public Schools.

The bill now before the legislature, making six months the minimum school term is a good measure and ought to pass. Heretofore the children of the rural districts have had opportunities for study for five months in the year, followed by seven months of idleness in which to forget all they learned during the short term of school. No farmer can keep his land in profitable condition, if he allows weeds to grow during the best part of the year. They will spring up everywhere and choke his grain, and his crops will be a failure. We cannot expect the minds of children to expand when the weeds of idleness and ignorance are allowed to run riot the greater portion of the year.

A school tax is the best investment a man can make. If he has children, and permits them to attend school regularly, he will get his money back a hundred-fold. He who complains about the burden of keeping up the schools is usually the man who does not know the benefits of education, and who is willing that his children may grow up in ignorance. When they know how to dig and plow and drudge and take care of stock, he considers their education completed and they are brought up to lives of hard work, without any intellectual enjoyment. When school is in session such children attend when there is nothing to be done at home, and are thus deprived of the benefits of what they might learn by regular attendance and systematic study.

If there be any objection to this bill it is that it does not yet make the term long enough.

The New Revenue Bill.

A new revenue bill has been favorably reported by the ways and means committee of the House at Harrisburg and is now before that body for consideration. It is entitled an act to revise, amend and consolidate the several revenue laws of this Commonwealth which imposes taxes upon personal property and upon banks, corporations, limited partnerships, bankers and brokers, and is the joint production of a commission composed of Auditor General Niles, Auditor General-elect Norris, State Treasurer Quay and Rufus E Shapley, of this city.

The bill is just what it professes to be—a consolidation of laws now on the statute books, with such changes as recent decisions of the Supreme Court have rendered absolutely necessary and a few others intended to make the law explicit, effective and easily understood. The principal changes are four in number, as follows:

FIRST. The tax on watches, household furniture, including gold and silver plate and pleasure carriages, is repealed absolutely.

SECOND. One-half the personal property tax or tax on money at interest is returned to the counties collecting it.

THIRD. Any mortgage or other security containing a provision making the borrower liable to pay the tax upon it, is rendered void in any court of law or equity.

FOURTH. The stock of companies which pay to the State the tax imposed on their capital stock is exempted from taxation in the hands of the holders. In other words, the tax cannot be collected on the same stock twice.

The wisdom of these changes will hardly be disputed by any intelligent man. The tax upon watches, household furniture and pleasure carriages is a tax upon property that ordinarily produces no revenue to its owners, and is for that reason, if no other, unjust. It is intended that the man who gets a revenue from his money at interest shall pay the tax upon it, hence the provision preventing its exaction from the borrower. No one would desire to collect two taxes from the same property, and the provision exempting stock already taxed is intended to prevent this injustice. The diversion of one-half the tax on money at interest into the county treasuries gives the County Commissioners a direct incentive to a faithful collection of the tax, as the local burdens on real estate can be reduced just to the extent of the amount realized in this way. Another good feature of the new bill is that it is written in good, plain English, and can be easily understood and enforced by the officials charged with the collection of the taxes levied by its provisions. The provision which has made the law effective since 1885 is retained, that requiring all taxables to make a sworn return of all their taxable property.

No estimate has yet been given the public by the commission preparing the new bill as to its probable effect upon the revenues of the State. A casual glance at its provisions leads to the conclusion, however, that it will increase rather than diminish them, as it is so framed as to insure the collection of taxes upon a large amount of property that heretofore has successfully evaded taxation. The bill is the work of men who have had more practical experience with the subject of collecting taxes than any similar number of men that could have been found in the State Unless it can be shown that it will in some way disastrously affect the State revenues, which is not probable, the Legislature should pass it as promptly as possible. It codifies and makes consistent and intelligible a system of tax laws which heretofore has been obscure and to a certain extent antagonistic.—*Times.*

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1887.

As to what Congress is doing just now, I may say the Senate is overdoing the Naval Appropriation business, and the House is trying to get on with the regular, indispensable appropriation bills. The past week was marked by some important legislation, prominent among which was the passage of the Eads-Tehuantepec Ship Railway, bill, by the Senate and the rigorous Anti-Polygamy bill by both the Senate and House.

You may remember that this measure passed the Senate some time since but it was amended by the House, and now the Senate has passed it as it came from the House.

Only seven votes were recorded against the scheme of Capt. Eads for constructing a ship railway across the isthmus of Tehuantepec. These were cast by Senators Edmunds, Jones of Arkansas, Morrill, Platt, Vance, Van-Wyck, and Wilson of Iowa. The bill incorporates Capt. Eads and some eighty other persons named, as a body politic under the name of the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Railway Company. The stock is not to exceed $100,000,000; and when ten per cent. of stock is subscribed and ten per cent. paid in cash, a meeting of stockholders is to be held in Washington or New York, for the election of directors. If ten millions of stock is not subscribed for, and ten per cent. of it paid in cash within two years, the charter is to expire by limitation. Consequently the Government is not committed to the project pecuniarily, and makes no guarantees.

The Senate has passed bills appropriating about fifty millions for ships of war coast defenses and other warlike preparations. If the Senate had really wanted to do something for the Navy, it would have passed these bills early enough to permit of their consideration by the House of Representatives. It ought not be expected that the House will pass measures of such magnitude, without an examination which there is not now time to give. But, of course, the Senate will get the credit of having made a brilliant effort towards an increase of the naval establishment, and the House will be condemned for neglect of its duty in this matter.

Everybody is wondering whom the President will appoint on the Interstate Commission. Among the scores of men who have been mentioned for a place, Gen. Atkins, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is one of the latest. His friends say he is a man who could be officially, as much of a friend to the railroads as to the people. Said one of them, "He could do justice to both, and at the same time has moral force sufficient to outride the temptation of winking at the New York brokers for a consideration."

On next Thursday an effort will be made in the House of Representatives to pass the Pauper Pension bill over the President's veto, and the Republicans are expected to press the matter to such an extent that there will doubtless be a pretty lively fight. The impression is, however, that it will be impossible to overrule the veto.

The first Mexican pension under the recent act granting pensions to the survivors of that war, was issued on last Friday. It went to the hero of Cerro Gordo, ex-Senator Williams, of Kentucky. If all the Mexican veterans were able to verify their claims to an allowance and secure it as readily as he, short work would be made of the Mexican pension business, at least. His application was filed in the Commissioners' office at eleven o'clock one day last week, and the pension certificate was mailed in the afternoon of the same day.

The Cabinet continues to be a theme of discussion. A week ago it was believed that Mr. Fairchild, the Assistant Secretary, was the man for the place, but suddenly public opinion changed entirely. Some say that the President will appoint a wide-awake, practical politician to succeed Mr. Manning. When the latter tendered his resignation the President brought up the subject of his successor, and Mr. Manning urged upon him the necessity of availing himself of the opportunity to appoint a strong Democrat of national reputation, and suggested two or three names.

A Democratic Congressman of prominence expresses the hope that the new Secretary of the Treasury will be taken from among those who are not dominated by Wall street ideas. But as he himself acknowledged, it is very difficult to find a man of financial experience who is not under Wall street influence in some way. Since New York is the centre of the money power of the nation, every business man of prominence has his main centre there.

Left to Die in the Snow.

THOUSANDS OF HEAD OF CATTLE LOST IN DAKOTA AND WYOMING.

A correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, writing from Rapid city, Dakota, tells the following story of death among cattle: A journey down the western slope of the Black Hills to the plains of Wyoming in winter adds more to a man's information than pleasure. The severity of the weather has been felt throughout the country; but on these western plains, sheltered by the mountains, where rough wintry storms are little expected and no provision is made to resist them, the winter has assumed a grim and terrible aspect. The writer in company with the manager of a Dakota cattle company which keeps 10,000 head of cattle wintering on the ranges of western Dakota and eastern Wyoming, recently made the journey down the western slope of the Hills to the Wyoming plains to observe how the herds survive the storms of winter without food or shelter.

The valleys of the western Hills, especially the deep and narrow valley of the Inyon Kaga, are filled to the depth of eight or ten feet with snow. These valleys are rendered passable to the traveler only by the constant coming and going of the long trains of freight wagons. In general a single beaten track winds through the narrow valley and continuous enbankments of snow four or five feet high wall in the road. At irregular intervals there are meeting-places where the snow is beaten down over a space wide enough for two teams to pass without being buried. Along the Inyon Kaga the Hills rise from 300 to 1,000 feet on either side. Here and there along the steep hillsides the hut of a miner or hunter stands in desolate solitude sending up its smoke among the black pine groves or the snow covered rocks. Otherwise these valleys are vast solitudes, disturbed only by the noise of the torrents and the rumbling of the freight wagons. The valleys gradually widen and the hills dwindle away and finally merge into one wide waste of drifting snow. Here and there a few blades of withered grass rise above the surface of snow and the region has an unutterably wild and desolate look. Far as the eye can reach it finds nothing but this Sahara of drifting snow over which the wind sweeps and howls, save where here and there the smoke is seen curling up from the chimney of a herdsman's hut half-buried in the drifts. On the plain the snow is found several feet lighter than in the valleys above, averaging from eight to eighteen inches. But the wind blows a hurricane from the north and the air is filled with blinding clouds of snow. This great plain, buried deep in snow, is perhaps the greatest cattle range of the Northwest, being the summer and winter pasture of hundreds of thousands of cattle.

Long before reaching the principal ranch or headquarters of the company, evidences of the fatal severity of the winter storms were found in the carcasses of cattle half buried in the snow that lay scattered over the plain. Looking in any direction, a horn a nose or an upturned leg could be seen projecting above the snow. In a drive of fifty miles along the western skirt of the Hills, there was scarcely a moment when the carcass of an animal was not visible within a few rods of the track. Sometimes ten or a dozen lay in a group on the south side of a knoll or in a narrow ravine, where water might once have run. Many of them have frozen stiff while standing on their feet. Here and there an animal or a group of animals could be seen standing motionless and dead with noses resting in the snow. Troops of hungry coyotes come prowling down from the Hills to gorge themselves on the frozen carcasses. Many an animal can be seen near the foot of the Hills standing stiffly on its feet among the drifting snow with great holes torn in its sides by these famishing creatures.

Four days were spent at the ranch of the Dakota Company, and I had an opportunity of more carefully inspecting the winter's havoc among the herds. Three months ago more than ten thousand cattle owned by this company were grazing upon this range, all of them fat and healthy. It would take the appliances of a Spanish Inquisition to extort from the owners a confession of their present number. In one ravine where the cattle used to find water, lay 167 dead, in little more than a mile's distance. Most of them were lying down, often four or five piled together showing that they had stood in groups striving by united effort to resist the deadly power of the freezing blast. Calves from six to eight months old lying by the sides or their mothers were among the commonest sights. At one spot a young calf lay half buried in the snow while the poor mother stood over it with her nose touching its neck. At another spot stood a cow stiffened with cold, and a young calf by her side standing in attitude to suck. In another ravine eighty-two dead cattle were found heaped together. In the midst of the group was an old red bull standing on his feet surrounded by heaps of cows and calves. Most of the cattle were lying down; some of them had fallen upon their knees, and half a dozen were on their feet. Cows exhausted by the summer's sucking and spring calves are the favorite victims of the storms, and these lie scattered over the prairie in thousands.

The living cattle go about among their frozen mates and are, if possible, a more pitiful sight than the heaps of carcasses. Thousands of cattle are staggering in the snow so feeble that they could never regain strength if spring should open to-morrow. The strongest are little more than skeletons. the long dry hair stands on end and is a vain protection from the pitiless wind that whistled through it. They stand all day and all night, their backs arched up and their noses touching the snow.

It is as yet impossible more than vaguely to guess the amount of loss suffered by the grazers of these Dakota and Wyoming ranges. The owners of the herds are extremely cautious in their statements. A stranger might infer from the talk of the cattle men up in the towns of the Hills that only a few of the poorer and weaker cattle are dying, while the bulk of the herds are standing the winter quite well. Even when standing in these sheltered ravines with hundreds of dead cattle lying around, the drovers "pooh pooh" it off with assurances that this is "an extraordinary scene," that "a large number of weak, thin cattle gathered together here and died off while the general herd are rustling about little hurt." But after visiting half a dozen of these ravines and finding in all of them strikingly similar scenes and nowhere anything different, the suspicion naturally arises that this is perhaps a fair representation of the general condition of the cattle on these great ranges. That thousands have already perished is unquestionable. That thousands more will perish before spring is next to inevitable.

There is not the slightest winter provision made for these vast herds. A man may own ten thousand head and have not a bushel of corn, nor a ton of hay, or a single shed for shelter. It is not the intense cold or the piercing wind that is dreaded, but the heavy snowfall. So long as it continued dry there is no fear of winter. Nature furnishes unmown hay in abundance and while the weather is dry the cattle live almost as well on these plains as in the barns of New England or among the corn fields of Illinois and Iowa. But when the dreaded snow comes and buries the standing hay crop, there is nothing for the cattle but starvation and freezing.

The great grazers of these ranges laugh at an eastern man's prosaic suggestions of methods for the prevention of this extravagant loss. They laugh at the idea of providing hay for 10,000 cattle or building shelter to protect such herds. A severe winter is said to be an exception so rare that it would never pay to make provision for it. But this is a species of philosophy not easily digested after a week spent in riding over the ranges and seeing the thousands of cattle lying dead among the drifting snow.

Coast Defenses.

A BILL APPROPRIATING $3,980,000 DRAWN BY THE HOUSE MILITARY COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The House committee on military affairs has completed its bill to provide for the national defense, and it will be presented to the House as soon as a report can be prepared. It appropriates $2,500,000 for the purchase of steel forgings for guns of 8, 10 and 12-inch, $680,000 for the establishment of a gun foundry at such an arsenal as the board may select; $500,000 for the construction of 12-inch rifled mortars; $600,000 for torpedo boats, torpedoes and submarine mines; $250,000 for gun carriages; $250,000 for field artillery and equipment. Contracts for all material, except such as is furnished from government workshops, shall be awarded to the lowest responsible bidders, but it must all be of American manufacture.

The last section of the bill provides that it shall be executed under the supervision of an Advisory Board, of which Lieutenant General Sheridan be chairman, and which shall be appointed by the President as follows: One brigadier general, one officer of engineers, not above the rank of lieutenant colonel; one officer of artillery and one officer of the ordnance service, neither of the last named to be above the rank of captain. The President shall add to the board one officer of the navy, whose rank shall not be above that of captain, to act as a member in the duties of construction and purchase of torpedo boats, topedoes and submarine mines suitable for coast defense. To enable tests of guns, etc., to be made $200,000 is appropriated.

The bill was prepared by Chairman Bragg and is acceptable to all the members of the committee, although in the discussion which followed its presentation it appeared that several members favored a more liberal appropriation than is carried by the bill. Mr. Cutcheon was desirous that a provision should be included to authorize the manufacture and test of a number of cast steel guns of a large calibre and it is probable that he will offer an amendment to supply the omission of this feature if the bill receives consideration in the House. The Speaker will be consulted by members of the committee as to the best method of getting the bill before the House, but it is believed a chance to secure action can be found only in the six "suspension days," when a two-thirds vote will be necessary.

A Great Victory

A Terrible Case of Scrofula Cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"In the winter of 1879 I was attacked with Scrofula in one of the most aggravating forms. At one time I had no less than thirteen large abscesses over and around my neck and throat, continually exuding an offensive mass of bloody matter disgusting to behold, and almost intolerable to endure. It is impossible to fully describe my sufferings, as the case was complicated with Chronic Catarrh. After three years of misery, having been treated by three physicians, I was worse than ever. Finally, on the recommendation of W. J. Huntley, druggist, of Lockport, I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. And now, after having taken twelve bottles, within the last twelve months, the scrofulous eruptions have entirely ceased, and the abscesses have all disappeared, except the unsightly scars, which are daily becoming smaller by degrees, and beautifully less.' I do not know what it may have done for others, but I do know that in my case, Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved an effective specific indeed. As an evidence of my gratitude I send these facts unsolicited, and I am ready to verify the authenticity of this cure, by personal correspondence with any one who doubts it." CHARLES A. ROBERTS, East Wilson, N. Y.

This statement is confirmed by W. J. Huntley, druggist, of Lockport, N. Y., who calls the cure *a great victory* for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Send for book giving statements of many cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's patent Improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fever or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 540 Broadway N. Y. feb18 1 m d

WE ARE INDEBTED

TO THE SOUTH FOR

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

No medicine is so universally used in the Southern States as SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. It won its way into every Southern home by pure, sterling merit. It there takes the place of a doctor and costly prescriptions. It is a

FAMILY MEDICINE,

Purely vegetable; gentle in its action; can be safely given to any person, no matter what age.

It promotes Digestion, dissipates nasty Sick Headache, and gives a strong, full tone to the System. It has no equal as a Preparatory Medicine, and can be safely used when a doctor cannot be called in.

Endorsed by persons of the highest character and eminence as the

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

If the child has the colic, it is a sure and safe remedy. It will restore strength to the overworked father, and relieve the wife from low spirits, headache, dyspepsia, constipation and like ills.

"MY ONLY FAMILY MEDICINE."

"I have been a user of Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. It is a pure, good re lable medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it.

"I find the Regulator very safe, harmless and reliable as a family medicine, and have used it for any disorder of the system and found it to act like a charm. I believe if it was used in time it would prove a great preventive of sickness. I have often recommended it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"REV. JAS. M. ROLLINS,
"Pastor M. E. Church South, Fairfield, Va."

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF WM. FROG, OF MADISON.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Court, to make distribution of the money left in land of said deceased, payable upon the death of Wm. Lilley, a son-in-law of said deceased, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, on Friday, March 11, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m., to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties having claims against said estate must appear and prove the same or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOHN G. FREEZE, Auditor.
feb18

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Lev. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, March 19, 1887.

at 2 P. M. at Court House, the following message and lot of ground with the appurtenances situate in the township of Orange, in the village of Orangeville. Beginning at a stone in line of land of Elizabeth Bowman thence north fifty-six and one-half degrees west to the public road leading to Fishingcreek, thence along same to line of land lately conveyed to Geo. S. Fleckenstine by parties of first part hereto a distance of fifty-eight feet, more or less, thence South fifty-six and one-half degrees. East to post corner, thence South thirty degrees. West fifty-eight feet, more or less to the place of beginning. It being a portion of the premises conveyed by Samuel Coleman party of first by Deed dated July 11, 1876. Whereon are erected a two story frame dwelling house, stable and out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Silas Conner, vs. Conrad C. Coleman and Mary M. Coleman and to be sold as the property of Conrad C. Coleman and Mary M. Coleman.

Yoer, Atty SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

MARKET REPORTS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKET.

—:o:—

	Wholesale.	Retail
Wheat per bushel	78 @ 80	
Rye " "	56	
Corn " "	50	65
Oats " "	35	45
Flour " bbl	4 to 5	
Butter	26	28
Eggs	16	20
Potatoes	65	80
Hams	11	16
Dried Apples	03	07
Side and shoulder	08	12
Chickens	6	8
Geese		
Lard per lb	08	10
Vinegar per gal	20	30
Onions per bushel	60	70
Veal skins	07	
Wool per lb	35	
Hides	5 to 7	

COAL ON WHARF.

No 6 $2.00; Nos 2 3, & Lump $3.25
No. 5 $3.00 Bituminus $3.25

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Reported by G. S. Palmer, Wholesale Commission Merchant, 166 Reade St., N. Y.

The usual dullness in the market that is noticeable on Monday seems more specially marked to-day on account of to-morrow being a holiday, and buyers of produce are holding off until Wednesday, anticipating lower prices. Eggs have further declined and selling from 16½ to 17c., but look for an improvemeat. Dressed veals in light supply and prices firm; choice stock 11 to 12½c; fair to good 10 to 11c inferior 7 to 8c. Dressed pork 7 to 8½c. Receipts of poultry light; selling small dry-picked turkeys 11 to 13c.; large 11c. Choice chickens 12 to 15c; good 12 to 13c. Fowls 11 to 13c. Ducks 12 to 14c. Geese 8 to 11c. Southern wild ducks more plenty; canvas back $3 to $4 per pair. Red head $2 to $2.50. Mallard $1. Widgeon 50c. Live pigeons 40 to 50c per pair. Tame squabs, white, $4 to $5 per dozen. Butter market shown no improvement; fancy elgin creamery 28c; half firkin tubs and pails extra 22 and 23c; good 20 to 21; inferior 17 to 19c. Cheese, fancy, 12 to 13½c; fair to good 12 to 12½c. Choice rose, burbank and hebron potatoes $1.60 to $1.75 per bbl. Sweet potatoes $2 to $2.50. Onions, red and yellow $2 to $2.25 per bbl. Russia turnips $1 to $1.25 per bbl. Cabbage $3 to $6 per 100. Apples choice greenings $3 50 per bbl. Baldwins $2.50 to $3.25; other winter varieties $2.25 to $2.75 bbl. Cranberries $8 to $9 per bbl.; crates $1.50 to $2. Fla. strawberries $1.50 to $2 50 per qrt. Fla. oranges, fancy brights, $3.25 per box; golden russets $2.50 Maple sugar 10 to 11c. per lb. Maple Syrup 75c. to $1 per gallon. Medium beans $1.47 to $1.50. Marrow $1.90 to $1 95. White Kidney $1.65 to $1.70; red $1.60 to $1.70. Fancy evaporated apples selling from 12 to 13c.; common 10 to 11c.; sun dried 4 to 6c. Evaporated raspberries 17 to 18; sun dried 17c. Blackberries 9 to 10c. Plums 8c. Cherries 12 to 13c. Huckleberries 7. Hay 70 to 80c. Rye straw 50 to 70c. Tallow 4½c. per lb. Beeswax 21 to 22c. Honey 7 to 12c. Furs, beaver $5 to $8. Marten $1.25 to $5. Mink 50c. to $1.25. Fox 90c. to $1.75. Coon 60c to $1.20. Skunk 25c. $1.10. Opossum 20 to 40c. Muskrat 8 to 18c. We received our first invoice of strawberries last Saturday, 2 crates containing 64 quarts, and sold them for $144.00.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

FEED—Western winter bran, spot, 13.50 @ 14.25
FLOUR.—Western extra's 3.00 @ 4.50; Penn'a family, 3.87½ @ 4.00 Ohio Clear, 4.25 @ 4.50 winter patent 4.75 @ 5.00; Penna. roller process 4.10 @ 4.50
WHEAT—Pennsylvania red, No. 1, 91
RYE—56.
CORN.—50 @ 54
OATS.—No. 3 white @ 35 No. 2, 37
HAY AND STRAW Timothy—Choice Western and New York, 14.00. fair to good Western and New York, 9.00 @ 12.00; medium Western and New York, 9 @ 11.; Cut hay as to quality 14. @ 15. Rye straw 15@ 15.50, Wheat straw, 10. Oat straw 9 @ 10.
POTATOES.—New .40 @ .60 per bbl.
EGGS.—Pennsylvania 13; western 12½.
BUTTER.—Pennsylvania creamery prints 23@24 Creamery Extra 26, Western extra 14@15, fair 10@12.
LIVE POULTRY.—Fowls, 11 @ 12½
DRESSED POULTRY.—Chickens, 11 @ 1

15 CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK. It gives the LANGUAGE and Sentiment of Every Flower and Stone, 3000 different kinds. Also all the Known Rules of Flirtation with Gloves, Parasol, Handkerchief and Fan. It is the most complete work of the kind ever published. Send Fifteen Cents in stamps for a sample copy, also our price to agents. Agents wanted everywhere. Ad.

AMERICAN PUB. CO., 17 North Tenth Street, Philad'a, Pa.

OUR SINGER $17 THIS STYLE 15 DAYS' TRIAL. A Full Set of Attachments. WARRANTED 5 YEARS. Send for Circular. E. C. HOWE & CO., 120 N. 6th St., Phila., Pa.

Apr. 1 6 w.

STATEMENT OF THE

Finances of Columbia County,

FROM JANUARY 1st, 1886, TO JANUARY 1st, 1887.

DISTRICTS.	TAXES ASSESSED. County	Dog	Sheep	STILL DUE. Dog	Sheep
Beaver	656 53	82 50	116 88	191 30	34 50	37 03
Benton	814 22	86 00	90 02	502 58	59 00	94 61
Berwick	1096 87	78 50	108 07	535 00	69 52	74 37
Bloom	3040 11	79 50	1321 78	1188 55	50 50	232 01
Briarcreek	1018 75	74 50	110 77	484 14	48 00	44 96
Catawissa	1864 57	74 50	499 19	824 52	57 00	95 16
Centralia	972 09	74 50	209 16	541 05	2 00	19 81
Centre	1258 43	79 10	324 71	791 39	53 50	30 40
Conyng h'm	2318 89	8 00	16 69	1125 58	6 50	* *
Fishing cr'k	1051 39	105 00	141 1	537 61	71 50	26 91
Franklin	909 23	46 50	79 3	130 42	20 00	14 76
Greenwood	1145 28	101 50	439 98	149 62	27 00	45 40
Hemlock	942 11	65 00	115 65	946 31	38 50	14 99
Jackson	991 66	51 50	48 84	49 09	35 50	14 19
Locust	1374 54	121 00	273 77	3 97	26 50	78 74
Madison	949 17	93 50	167 06	5 43	51 50	14 47
Main	596 23	55 50	125 82	20 31	38 50	46 81
Mifflin	974 25	79 00	214 92	389 8	40 00	43 55
Montour	758 47	65 00	199 34	165 1	25 50	14 19
Mt. Pleasant	547 99	64 00	100 37	300 64	41 00	15 63
Orange	830 41	60 00	313 72	363 41	33 50	79 49
Pine	398 82	39 50	60 03	258 27	44 50	23 58
Roaring'k	575 54	99 00	144 03	111 01	14 50	7 08
Scott	1300 98	75 00	414 45	476 26	58 00	80 81
Sugarloaf	335 86	66 00	25 70	209 96	51 50	16 43
	26845 19	1691 50	6188 44	10461 12	988 02	1096 0

Amount due for years previous to 1886.

Districts.	Collectors.	Yr	County	Dog.
Bloom	Jas C Sterner	1885	$ 702 43	$ 69 50
do	W B Allen	1884	871 97	79 50
do	Reuben Harris	1880	494 50	83 04
Pine	L A Garman	1885	" "	84 97
Scott	Wesley Ruckle	1885	" "	16 78
			$1628 90	$ 302 15

PETER A EVANS, Treasurer of Columbia county, in account with said county on county funds.

Jan. 1, 1886.

To amt uncollected prior to 1886	$12752 40
" amt on hand at last settlement	72 94
" county tax assessed in 1886	26845 19
" tax on registry of voters	73 5
" Wm Krickbaum, cost Com. vs Christian	43 42
" Daniel Laubach, rent old jail	19 25
" Jonas Kline, " "	14 00
" Z H Shultz, pigeon holes	1 00
" B F Fortner fine for killing quails	10 00
" the town of Bloomsb'g rent old jail stable	28 14
" D R Coffman, rent old jail	12 00
" Guy Jacoby, costs, Com. vs Grover	11 80
" County tax on unseated land	724 31
" " " seated land	148 86
" road tax on unseated land	956 45
" " " seated land	289 63
" school tax on unseated land	1029 19
" " " seated land	304 00
" poor tax on unseated land	545 04
" " " seated land	174 17
" building tax on unseated land	173 00
" " " seated land	33 03
" special road tax on unseated land	12
" T C McHenry, added tax, Benton	1 80
" S Brombach, added tax, Catawissa	31
" Wm Rote, added tax, Madison	1 80
" Clarence Whipple, added tax, Madison	31
" the Penn's R R Co. land sold by com'rs	3 00
" amt received from dog fund	1000 00
" Alfred Wolford, added tax, Madison	1 84
" unseated land tax, since distribution	74 08
" seated land tax, since distribution	12 50
" W H Snyder, jury fees	16 09
" I W McKelvy, sup't of Margaret Weaver Danville Asylum	20 29
To Wesley Bowman, old plank	3 00
	$45498 22

CR.

By com. and discount allowed on Co. tax for 1886.

Districts.	Com.	Dis.	Districts.	Com.	Dis.
Beaver	$ 9 63	$ 16 90	Jackson	$ 3 22	5 54
Benton	9 01	15 37	Locust	12 12	21 81
Berwick	9 24	16 84	Madison	16 41	27 71
Bloom	47 86	124 42	Main	9 45	16 23
Briarcreek	10 20	26 41	Mifflin	11 18	28 60
Catawissa	19 84	52 48	Montour	11 35	19 51
Centralia	12 51	21 00	Mt Pleas't	7 06	12 02
Centre	14 59	37 83	Orange	13 39	23 35
Conyng'm	1 77	59 12	Pine	4 03	7 10
Fishingc'k	8 62	22 75	Roaringc'k	13 24	23 32
Franklin	10 62	18 52	Scott	12 34	32 12
Greenwood	14 47	38 92	Sugarloaf	2 46	4 33
Hemlock	17 09	29 32			
				$309 01	$737 47

CR.

By commission, exonerations and returns allowed collectors on county tax for 1885 & previous y'rs.

Districts.	Com. 1885.	Ex.	Districts.	Com.	Ex.
Benton	$ 41 82	3 90	Madison	49 57	14 44
Berwick	92 92	46 19	Main	30 32	35
Briarcr'k	57 10	3 45	Mifflin	52 90	6 56
Catawissa	99 65	21 79	Montour	40 54	6 40
Centralia	148 92	40 06	Mt Pleas't	29 46	18 95
Centre	80 16	20 59	Orange	42 42	3 49
Conyng'm	58 61	115 23	Pine	19 23	31 84
Fishingck	55 52	5 11	Roaringc'k	68 67	20 07
Greenwd	61 90	9 27	Sugarloaf	21 22	14 02
Hemlock	48 74	9 92	1884.		
Jackson	13 74	6 90	Centralia	86 21	121 34
				$1252 29	$527 61

By total commission	$ 1762 30
" " discount	737 47
" " exonerations and returns	527 61
" county orders redeemed	27 088 88

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
6:36 a. m.	11:49 a. m.
3:42 p. m.	6:13 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
6:15 a. m.	8:29 a. m.
10:20 a. m.	11:44 a. m.
2:02 p. m.	4:13 p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloomberry as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:40 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
6:36 p. m.	4:19 p. m.

SUNDAY.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:39 p m

SALES.

MARCH 9. Will be exposed to public sale at the residence of John Rantz, (Mason) in Jackson township, commencing at 9 o'clock sharp, valuable personal property, horses, cows, wagons, &c.

MARCH 12. I. A. Dewitt, executor of John G. Moore, will sell real estate in Greenwood township at 10 a. m. Also, a tread power threshing machine.

MARCH 8. A. W. McHenry, of Fishing creek township, will sell valuable personal property, on the premises, near Zion's church. Horses, cows and general farm implements. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a. m.

MARCH 10. D. K. Sloan will sell his personal property, on premises, one mile from Orangeville.

FOR SALE.—A good piano for sale very cheap. Inqure of Geo. E. Elwell. tf.

$1600—In very easy payments will buy a one hundred acre farm, good new house, large new bank barn, excellent spring water, convenient to rail road. Apply to dâ1tf KNORR & WINTERSTEEN.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—One room, second floor, Moyer building—gas and water in the room. Heated by steam. Apply to feb18tf. MOYER BROS.

FOR RENT.—The third floor of the COLUMBIAN building, now occupied by N. S. Tingley. Heated by steam, water on second floor, all conveniences. Possession April 1st. Inquire of Geo. E. Elwell. [tf.

Passengers and baggage delivered free to persons buying western ticke s of Moyer Bro's. Agts. Penna. R. R.

Personal.

Mrs. F. M. Everitt is in very poor health.

Mr. Hilbert H. Hulme of Benton was in town on Monday.

Harry B. Hess went to Philadelphia on Tuesday, where he will reside.

Dr. and Mrs. Biddle of Ashland were visiting friends here the first of the week.

Samuel M. Hetler, of Hetlerville, representing the Underhill Hat Manufacturing Co, of Hazleton, was in town on Tuesday.

Col. Freeze, E. H. Little, Col. Knorr, C. W. Miller, W. H. Rhawn, and E. R. Ikeler will attend Supreme Court in Philadelphia next week.

Geo. Fenstemacher of Philadelphia who has been confined to the house by sickness for some time past, has sufficiently recovered to make a visit to Florida where he will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Walker celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday evening of last week. About fifty guests were present, and the occasion was a very pleasant one.

Lent began on Wednesday.

The Espy ferry will commence running on March 1st.

The banks were closed on Tuesday, being a legal holiday.

Paul E. Wirt has purchased the McKinney block for $8800.

Finest scenery going West by Penna. R. R. Tickets at Moyer Bros.

C. S. Bound has moved his grocery to corner of East and Fifth streets.

Mrs. Finney's new residence on Third street is fast approaching completion.

Next week is the time fixed for the argument of cases from this county in the Supreme Court.

Several little boys are doing a good trade in matches. They sell a dozen large boxes for twenty-five cents.

The cars did not run into Millville on Tuesday as announced by the Milton *Argus*. We are informed that it will be several weeks before that event will occur.

The remains of John T. Williams were buried in Rosemont on Tuesday. Mr. Williams formerly resided here, but several years ago removed to Grand Tunnel, Luzerne county, where he died after an illness of five months.

L. Bernhard has removed his jewelry store across the street to the store room next to Hendershott's Drug store, where he has larger quarters than before. When fitted up as he intends it will be an attractive place.

H. J. Clark & Son have lowered the floor in the room lately occupied by L. Bernhard. A plate glass front will be put in, and the rear wall taken out, thus throwing the room into their store room, and adding another department to their large establishment.

Wm. Getling of Mifflin township died Monday morning at 8 o'clock, aged about 60 years. A few years ago Mr. Getling froze his feet so severely that he was unable to work for some time. He seems to have been on the general decline ever since that time.

Miss Carrie Moyer died at an early hour last Saturday morning. She had been an invalid for many years, and her death was not unexpected. She was a sister of the late John R. Moyer, and of Miss Maria Moyer, who survives her. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon.

The Farmers' meeting which was to have been held last week Wednesday and Thursday was a failure, owing to the little interest manifested on the part of those most interested in the subject of farming. The only meeting held was on Thursday morning. This failure should not discourage the leaders in the movement. Try it again.

A new applicant for public favor appeared on Monday morning, in the shape of a daily paper called the *Tablet*. It has four columns thirteen inches in length, to the page, and contains considerable good reading matter. It is started as an experiment, and it remains to be seen how successful it will be. G. A. Potter is the publisher, and the price of the paper is 3 cents for a single number, or $3.00 a year.

The Keystone Minstrel Company had a crowded house last Friday night, and the performance was better than was expected The tumbling, the clog dancing, and the high kicking was good, and we have seen worse in professional troupes. At the close of the performance an announcement was made that the show would be repeated the next night, but this was not done. It is likely the boys will try it again in the near future, with a new program.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending Feb. 22, 1887:

Miss Elizabeth Bechtle, Mrs. Ann Beers, Edward Crawford, Rhoda Cunningham, David Faust, Miss Lizzie Verrie.

CARDS.

Mrs. Elisha Hagenbuch.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

Horace C. Blue of Danville was elected school director in the first ward of that borough at the recent election, being the only democrat that was successful. The *Intelligencer* thus speaks of him:

Horace C. Blue, the Democratic candidate defeated A. Mont Gearhart, the Republican candidate, by two majority in a ward that usually gives a Republican majority of from forty to fifty votes. Mr. Blue was born in the 1st ward twenty-nine years ago. At the age of sixteen he established his present business which has been constantly increasing, and if he carries with him into the School Board the same good judgment that characterized his business career, he will make an excellent director. It is evident that the people wanted him or they would not have elected him.

On Thursday afternoon of last week at three o'clock, John C. Rutter Jr. and Miss Hattie McKelvy, second daughter of Dr. J. B. Mc. Kelvy, were united in marriage at St. Paul's church. Shortly before that hour the invited guests had gathered at the church, and were seated by the ushers, Messrs. C. W. Funston, Frank Pursel, R. E. Hartman of Bloomsburg, and A. M. Freas of Berwick. While waiting for the arrival of the bridal party Mrs. M. A. Smith played selections from "Zampa" and "Tancredi" on the organ in a manner that called forth many expressions of appreciation of her skill in handling that instrument.

At the appointed hour the bridal party made their appearance and proceeded up the centre aisle to the strains of the wedding march in the following order: the ushers, the bridesmaids, Miss Marion Wilbur of Bethlehem, and Miss Jennie Evans of Bloomsburg, then the bride and groom. On reaching the chancel the ushers halted, and the rest of the party passed between them and advanced to the chancel rail, where they were met by Rev. W. C. Leverett, the rector. The beautiful service was soon over, and the life-contract was pronounced complete. The bride was attired in a white satin dress with long train, and veil. Miss Evans wore a pink silk dress, and Miss Wilbur blue satin.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, which was attended by the near relatives of both parties. The display of presents was very large and unusually handsome. Mr. and Mrs. Rutter went to New York on a wedding tour.

The Fox Chase.

On Tuesday morning last at half past nine a fox was let loose at the top of Scott town hill on Main street, by Thos. Vannatta Eleven hounds were soon in hot pursuit. The fox had been caught along the line of the B. & S. railroad, having been driven in the water by dogs, and was bought by Col. Jamison, J. H. Mercer and T. Vannatti to afford some amusement for Washington's Birthday.

A great crowd gathered to witness the sport, and the cross streets and alleys were guarded so that Reynard could not escape. As he was let loose he started up Main street, but it was a hard run through the heavy mud and he did not make very fast time. The hounds followed soon after, yelping at the top of their lungs, and just behind them came a number of horsemen, including C. E. Savage, Frank Auraud, J. F. Caldwell, J. A. Hess, John Armstrong, and others with W. H. Snyder in the lead The fox continued on up Normal hill, and some of the horsemen and dogs went up the Lightstreet road, while others went down East street and up the river road. Near Neal's furnace Prothonotary Snyder's horse stumbled, and the rider took a header into the mud, and then reluctantly gave up the chase. The horsemen lost sight of the fox, and the hounds failed to catch it. Several dogs were wounded in going through barbed wire fences. The fox went up along the ridge, and then went to the river this side of the Half Way house where William Giger shot at him, but missed him, when the fox ran back toward the ridge By this time three dogs made their appearance in a field of Hiram Sweppenheiser's in Centre township, and their barking drew the attention of Mr. Sweppenheiser and his son who were in the barn. The fox was not seen at that time, but about a half hour later Mr Sweppenheiser's dog sighted the fox coming through Turnbach's field. Mr. Sweppenheiser and his son were after the fox for a half hour before they succeeded in killing it with a club. Nearly an hour afterwards four more hounds came up, having followed the trail, and when they found the dead fox they smelled of it and started for home. About 12 o'clock a man named Vanliew who lives at Stony Brook came to Sweppenheiser's and claimed the fox saying that his dog had started it, and Mr. S. gave it up, but Thomas Vannattta afterwards obtained possession of it. Altogether it was quite an exciting episode.

The Museum of Crime in the New York Police Detective Bureau.

The Museum of Crime, opposite the private office of Inspector Byrnes is a shuddering horror: not so much from what is seen as from what is suggested. Speaking likenesses of shop-lifters, pick-pockets, burglars, and eminent "crooks" glare from the walls upon visitors. Sledge-hammers whose heads are filled with lead, drags, drills, sectional jimmies, masks, powder-flasks, etc., that were used in the Manhattan Bank robbery of October 27, 1878, challenge inspection in their glass cases. The rascals made away with $2,749,400 in bonds and securities, and about $15,000 in money on that occasion; but, thanks to our unequaled detective system, did not retain all their booty. Here are samples of the mechanical skill of Gustave Kindt, alias "French Gus," a professional burglar and maker of burglar's tools, which he let out to impecunious thieves on definite percentages of their robberies. The assortment of burglars kits, tools, keys, wax impressions, etc., is complete. The genius of Kindt and Kleim, so wofully perverted, ought to have made their fortunes in legitimate fields of operation. Nat White's bogus gold brick; Mike Shanahan's eighteen chambered pistol; counterfeit Reading Railroad scrip; the lithographic stone on which ten or twenty thousand spurious tickets of the elevated railroad were printed; stones for printing fractional currency; bogus railroad bonds used by confidence operators; the black caps and ropes of murderers; the pistols wherewith various persons were slain; the lock curiosities of Langdon W. Moore, who knew how to open combination locks through studying their emitted sounds; the box in which the same thief, known as "Charley Adams," put $216,000 in government bonds, stolen from the Concord Bank, Massachusetts, in February, 1866, and which he first buried four feet below the surface of the Delaware River, and then dug up and surrendered when under arrest; the pipes, peanut oil, lamps, liquid raw opium, and pills used for smoking in opium joints—are all here—DR. RICHARD WHEATLEY, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

An Atrocious Crime.

HOW AN OLD MAN WAS ROBBED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

A Dubois, Pa., special says: John Bortmas, aged seventy years, lived alone in a small house in Rockland township, Centre county. He always kept several hundred dollars secreted in his house. Early Friday evening Bortmas heard a knock at his door. He saw three men heavily masked standing on the step. They demanded entrance, and Bortmas got his shot gun and fired at them. The shot did not take effect and the men broke the door and knocked the old man down. They ordered him to tell where his money was hid, but he refused.

They then put a rope around his neck, threw it over the top of the door and pulled the old man off his feet by the rope They hanged him in that way three times, but Bortmas stubbornly kept the secret of his money. Although almost dead after the third hanging, the men restored him, and then one of them drew a long bladed knife, and seizing Bortmas by the hair he jerked his head back and placed the blade at the old man's throat. Bortmas told the men to cut his throat, but he would not give up the money.

Failing to terrorize the old man, the ruffians took a shovel full of live coals, one of them holding it to the soles of the old man's feet, while the other sat on his legs, and so prevented his drawing his feet away. This torture was more than Bortmas could endure and he begged for mercy and told them where the money was. The robbers obtained $312, one-third of which was gold. They did not believe that this was all that Bortmas had, and resorted to torture of the coals to again force him to reveal the hiding place of the rest. He protested under the torture that he had no more, and the robbers finally ceased. Tying Bortmas to a bedpost the men went into the kitchen where they cooked themselves a hearty supper, and ate it at leisure. It was after 10 o'clock when they left and people returning from a party heard Bortmas' cries and released him and no clue to the robbers has been obtained. Besides the $312 they secured, Bortmas had a thousand dollars under the floor within three feet of where they tortured him. It is believed they live in the vicinity.

Envelopes, letter heads, note heads, bill heads, statements, business cards, and all kinds of commercial printing at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

Washington's Birthday.

On Monday afternoon appropriate exercises for Washington's Birthday were held by the High School at the Third street school house. The following was the program:

Song, America, School. Essay, Causes that led to the Revolution, Annie Elliott Recitation, Washington, Mary Creveling Music, Maggie Evans & Elmer Brugler. Essay, Washington's early life, Annie Woods. Declamation, Character of Washington by Webster, Edwin Ent. Music, Chorus, Our National Flag. Essay, Washington before Boston, Ella Hansert. Declamation, Washington's Monument, Robert Young. Music, Guitars, Oscar Ent and Chas. Lawall. Declamation, Washington, Elisha Fornwald. Music, violin & organ, Maggie Evans & Will Metherell. Maxims, 1st part, May Blue, 2nd part, Edith Weiss. Music, song, school, 3rd part, Annie Eyer. Music, trio, Ed. Ent, Oscar Ent & F. Colley. Essay, Winter at Valley Forge, Clara Kline. Recitation, Washington, Hattie Loreman. Music, solo, Frank Colley. Essay, Life at Mount Vernon, Ida Rinker. Music, violins, Will Metherell & Frank Brown.

The manual of arms was performed by a squad of six of the older boys. A march played by Maggie Evans, William Metherell and Frank Brown, was well done. The march was composed by Prof. Metherell and presented to the school, and has been used in the marching exercises for a short time. It is a fine musical composition.

The schools were closed on Tuesday.

Bloody Work of a Midnight Assassin.

Five pistol shots in quick succession rang out from a house in the eastern part of Hopeville, Luzerne Co., on Tuesday night last week, and aroused its citizens, who found Peter Kammack on the floor with the blood streaming from a bullet-wound in his thigh, and not far off his wife, bleeding from three different wounds The story told by them was that they were awakened by a noise at the window which was made by a man wearing a black mask, who jumped into the room holding a revolver in one hand and a large dirk in the other. He immediately opened fire, the first bullet hitting Kammack in the thigh and the second lodging in the wall. The next three shots were fired at the woman, one taking effect in the arm and the other two in her breast, inflicting serious if not fatal wounds The woman attempted to escape through a back window, but before she could accomplish it the intruder was upon her, cutting her in a shocking manner with his dirk. He then fled. Mrs. Kammack died next morning from her injuries.

There were present in the house at the time of the shooting half a dozen boarders, who, on hearing the shots, quickly fled to some neighboring sheds where they crouched behind barrels and lumber in a cowardly manner, not showing themselves for several hours. Immediately after the shooting a posse of citizens started in pursuit of the assassin, but as yet no clue has been found that will lead to his arrest.

Benton.

Samuel F. Gwinner, the speaker intended for the meeting in this place Tuesday for reason of indisposition was unable to be present The weather being inclement the attendance was spare. We expect to hold another meeting for the promotion of odd fellowship this Spring and hope it will be a grand success.

Our friend Drake, the up town landlord has been granted license again. We are pleased from the fact that Mr. Drake is an excellent landlord.

Our debate did not occur on last Friday night, but on the coming Saturday eve it is sure thing. Subject, "Resolved that foreign pauper emigration should be prohibited."

St. Valentine's day came and many received some broad hints, and more long faces.

We think the Keystone Minstrels would do well in McHenry's Hall, Benton, Pa. Give us a call boys.

Stillwater.

Ties are being distributed along the line of the B. & S. R. R. in large numbers.

J. M. Dewitt is spoken of as a candidate for County Commissioner.

A. H. McBride, foreman of the forces at work on the new railroad, has finished the tasked of blasting a road bed out of the rocks below town. It was a big job, but Andy was equal to it.

Judge McHenry's fine team of sorrels takes the lead.

Elder D. M. Kinter is holding a series of protracted meetings at the Christian church. He is assisted by Elder Chas. W. Cooper of Williamsport.

T. H. Edgar is manufacturing a patent churn, which is said by all who have tired it to be the best they have ever used. It will bring butter in from four to six minutes.

G. W. & I. Raber will build the R. R. bridge at this place. It crosses Ikeler's mill-dam. Rabers are competent mechanics and able to build any bridge, or other building.

Wanamaker's.

Philadelphia, February 21, 1887.

Ask by letter for samples, or anything we have.

Not a time when you expect big reductions in Spring garments for ladies. You'll wonder more than ever when you see the garments. Don't ask for the *why*. Be content to know that the prices are way down; how far down you can best judge by seeing what other dealers charge for poorer goods.

New carpets. All the styles of the season. Our assortment of patterns and colorings in every grade from Axminster to Ingrains will be found larger than ever before and our prices very low for standard goods.

The ever liked Brussels in seeming endless variety, and at from $1 to $1.50 a yard. When we say Brussels we do not mean Tapestry; they begin at 60 cents. Not easy to tell one from other when down, or when up for that matter, if a careless looker. The Tapestry backs may be color printed to look like Brussels. Very likely some of you have bought Tapestry as Brussels. There are low grade Brussels, too, that you may think better than they are. Some tricky dealers 'll tell you they're as good as any. How can you be safe? Don't trust your eyes and ears alone; know the House you deal with.

Ingrains from 40 cents to $1 a yard.

Oil-cloths, too, should be thoughtfully chosen. If you've ever had the floor covered with one piece you'll want no more yard or two-yard-wide stuffs. We have them up to 24 feet wide, and they can be fitted to the ins and outs and corners of any room so as to make a new floor without a wrinkle or a seam.

The silk and wools have won their way. Much prejudice; but merit told. Slighted work would have brought failure. There was no slighted work. The warp all silk; the woof all wool, and the two equally fine. Good apart, the union of silk and wool as in Clairette or Convent Cloth or Henriette or Gypsy Cloth, helps both. The silk gives strength to the wool; the wool lends softness to the silk. A mixed fabric without any of the faults of mixed fabrics. The mixture helps rather than hurts; it gives an added firmness of texture, a bloom and a freedom from dust and soil peculiar to itself. Not even the fault of fading unevenly. These blacks don't fade. Perfect blacks at first, perfect to the end—ten years if you please; they've been tried. The English beat the world in dying black.

Two new ones.

The Silk Warp Mourning Cloth, fitted by its cloth-like effect for untrimmed costumes, to be worn in deep mourning with crape bonnet and vail. And the Silk Warp Camel's-Hair Mourning Cloth (to be known as Alys), presenting the desired camel's-hair surface and touch, and adapted to light mourning or black costumes worn with colors.

Henriette, in 16 qualities, ranging from 75 cents to $4.
Clairette, in 6 qualities, from $1 to $2.
Convent Cloth, in 5 qualities, from $1 to $2.
Gypsy Cloth, in 4 qualities, from $1 to $2.
Silk Warp Mourning Cloth, in 6 qualities, from $1.25 to $2.50.
Alys, in 5 qualities, from $1.50 to $2.50.

What kind of a Light-weight Overcoat for $7.50? Better than you think. Not all wool, but dressy and a good wearer. Blue and diagonal, and made with care in every part.

A notch higher, the $10 Melton. Silk faced and in three colors, brown, gray and d'ab. We never before sold a coat of this grade for less than $13.50

Up another peg and the Riverside Cheviot. Sold last year for $18; now $15 and not scrimped in a single stitch.

Equally true of the $20 grade in the same goods. And of the Auburn Melton and the Venetian Cloth at $25.

More than a hundred styles of Spring Ulster Cloths, American, English, French and Scotch. You must finger them to fully feel their weight and worth. All wool, 54 in., $1.25 to $2.50.

The Reynier Suéde gloves for women have come. Can there be anything better? A touch like velvet, yet so durable; substance and elegance. 4 button, $1.50; 6 and 8 button Mousquetaire, $1.75 and $2; same embroidered, $1.65, $2 and $2.25. They are in the new tans, the new grays and blacks. The embroideries come in that exquisite Paris twist which we introduced just before Christmas.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

SALVATION OIL,

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"

Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frostbites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Prettiest satines in town at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

New Spring goods at C. C. Marr's.

You can get just the kind of muslin you want of I. W. Hartman & Son.

Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Sheeting, Muslins, Lace Curtains & Poles at Clark & Son's.

Large Variety of narrow embroideries and lace edgings for muslin trimmings at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Having just received a cylinder for finishing silks and cloths, I am prepared to clean and dye gents' clothing, ladies' cloaks, sacques, silks, dresses, shawls, &c. Feathers dyed and curled. Packages forwarded by express will receive prompt attention, according to directions. Call or address, J. O. Caswell, dyer, Bloomsburg Woolen Mills. sep24-tf.

See the best 25c. cashmere at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Best dark calico 6c. yd. at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

New Spring dress goods, Cloths, Satteens Prints, Muslins &c., at Clark & Son's

C. C. Marr wants light colored dried Apples, pitted cherries, raspberries, butter, eggs, lard, side, shoulder, ham, potatoes and nice geese feathers.

Every week this year new China &c. at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Trade dollars taken for $1 in exchange for goods at Clark & Son's.

Shipping tags, with or without strings, at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

Black Cashmeres, Armures, Henrietta Cloths, Casimere &c, and all kinds of black dress goods at Clark & Son's.

When you come to town call in at I. W. Hartman & Son's to see the stamped linen tidies, covers &c.

The best 10 cent syrup in Bloom is at C. C. Marr's.

Try "Clark's 77" double back Corset.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Personal. Wonderful success. *Hop Plasters* for weak parts, severe aches, strains, backache,

The skin can be kept soft, white and free from taint of perspiration by adding Darbys Prophylactic Fluid to the water used in bathing. It removes all offensive smell from the feet or any part of the body. Used as a tooth-wash it will harden the gums, preserve the teeth, cure tooth-ache and make the breath pure and sweet. Cures chafing and inflammation, Piles, Scald Feet, Corns, etc.

TO PRESERVE NATURAL FLOWERS.—Dip the flowers in melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stocks and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles. Fresh cut flowers, free from moisture, make excellent specimens in this way. If you would preserve your health and invigorate your entire system use Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. For sale by C. B. Robbins, Bloomsburg, Pa. [eow.

Everybody needs a spring medicine. By using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the blood is thoroughly cleansed and invigorated, the appetite stimulated, and the system prepared to resist the diseases peculiar to the summer months. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take no other.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE ON SPEER'S WINES.—A committee was appointed to visit Alfred Speer's vineyards and wine cellars at Passaic, N. J. The following is the report: "Many will be surprised to learn that within so short a distance from New York City is an enterprise so extensive, and of so much importance and so successful.

The qualities of those wines are not excelled by any producer in the world and during the season when the operations of handling the grapes and expressing the juices are in active progress it is interesting to visit the vineyards and witness the operation. A. S. Heath, M. D., R. H. Martin, J. Disturnell, Com. For sale by druggists.

FREE TRADE.—The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Boschee's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The August Flower for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the German Syrup for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size. jan 28, 1 y, S7, e o w

Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself and superior to all other preparations in strength, economy and medicinal merit.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

See what the Secretary of the Interstate Poultry and Pet Stock Association, of Cobden, Illinois, says:

August 3, 1886.

S. S. MYERS.

DEAR SIR.—I have used some of your Chick-chick-er-re-kee Poultry Food. I am satisfied that it increases the egg production of my fowls.

A. A. COWDERY

DRUNKENNESS, OR LIQUOR HABIT, CAN BE CURED BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.—It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence Golden Specific Co., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio. dec 3 86 1y.

A GREAT BATTLE is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

W. H. Gilmore is able to be out again.

S. C. Shive has purchased the Esther furnace farm in Franklin township for $5,500.

Rev. E. M Bridenbaugh preached his farewell sermon at the Reformed church last Sunday, and left on Tuesday for his new field at Norristown.

Tar for Diphtheria.

A REMEDY DISCOVERED FOR THE ABOVE DISEASE.

The following is worthy of the attention of every family from the fact that it comes from such a source as the French Academy of Medicine:

In a report to the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Deithell stated that the vapor of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous tissues which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. He described the process of treatment as follows: Take a tablespoonful each of turpentine and liquid tar; put them into a tin pan or cup, and set fire to the mixture, taking care to have a larger pan under it as a safe guard against the spread of the flames. A dense, resinous smoke arises, making the room dark. The patient immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop; the patient falls into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membrane soon becomes detached, and the patient coughs up fibrin, in which, when caught on a glass, the microbes may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days the patient entirely recovers. This remedy has proved successful in many instances, and householders everywhere should bear it in mind. A prominent gentleman in Charlestown, Mass., who applied the treatment to his own child, after the sufferer was given over as incurable by his family physician, suggests that before burning the ingredients named, all such articles as would be likely to be injured by the thick smoke should be removed or covered up closely.

For scrofula, improverished blood and general debility, Scott's Emulsion of pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, has no equal in the whole realm of Medicine. Read the following: "I gave one bottle of Scott's Emulsion to my own child for scrofula, and the effect was marvelous."—O. M. GRAY M. D., White Hall, Ind.

Why People Go Blind.

SOME EXCELLENT RULES FOR PREVENTING WEAK EYES AND PRESERVING SIGHT.

"Near sightedness, weak eyes and blindness are increasing every year," said an oculist, "and there is no necessity for it. The eyes are more important to a person than any member of the body, and but few persons take proper care of them. Of all the senses with which the human body is invested, the most peculiar in its operation is that of sight. The apparatus of vision is more complicated in its structure than that of any other of the special senses. Some excellent rules for relieving or preventing weak sight are. Rest the eyes for a few moments when the sight becomes in the least painful, blurred and indistinct. Do not read during convalescence from illness. Never read while lying down. Never read in the cars. Never read small print long at a time. The light should fall on the book over the left side rather from above the level of the head. Take plenty of sleep. Ten hours' sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight. The general health should be maintained by a good diet, air, exercise, amusement and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work, and if these rules are followed out oculists, such as myself, would have to go out of business."

For a time my life was despaired of. My trouble was with the kidneys, liver and bladder—also constipation. Finally I used Dr Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and in my opinion it saved my life. I make this statement to save those who suffer as I did. —A. J. Gifford, Lowell, Mass. Druggists; $1. Send 2 cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for his book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper. feb18-4td

Local Institute.

A local institute was held at Canby, Feb. 19, for Mt Pleasant. Supt. Grimes arrived at 10:15 a. m. The institute opened by signing and devotional exercises. Prof. Cope advised teachers to throw away the books until the pupils are old enough to understand them; to teach the child how to talk and write. A pupil may learn how from the book, yet will not do it when he writes. It is only by constant practice that one learns to do a thing, not by seeing it done. Bring newspapers and other news of the day in the school, have the pupils discuss it, let them correct each others' papers. They will notice mistakes on other papers quicker than on their own. After singing, adjourned to 1 p. m.

One o'clock found the house crowded, four schools, Hartzels, Hippenstiel's, Camby and Kitchen's attending in a body.

The afternoon was occupied by declamations, recitations &c., each school taking a half hour. Prof. Cope talked on geography. There was a spelling contest, reading contest, music and other interesting exercises.

Ida Jacoby, Anna Appleman and Frank Sands of the Kitchen school were pronounced the best spellers by the committee and Lulu Appleman, Cora Lemon and Florence Kitchen the best readers.

Supt. Grimes made a closing address, and the institute adjourned.

Legal Holidays.

A bill has been introduced in the house to designate legal holidays in the State. The bill provides that the following days shall be legal holidays in this Commonwealth: January 1, the third Tuesday in February, the 22d of February, May 30, July 4, the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and every Saturday between the 15th of June and September 15, both inclusive, after 1 o'clock, P. M.

A correspondent asks: "Where can we send to get Peck's Patent Ear Drums, an invention for enabling people to hear who are deaf, slightly or otherwise? Write to F. Hiscox, 849 Broadway, N. Y., stating cause and particulars of your deafness and he will give you all the points desired. Read the following from the *Medical Record*: "A lecturer in one of our hospitals, while illustrating progress in medical science, introduced a deaf patient whose case baffled all medical skill and was considered hopeless. But an invention belonging to F. Hiscox, New York, having been recommended it was used with very satisfactory results, as it fully restored the hearing. It was tested in other cases and found to be more successful than any known device for the relief of deafness, as hearing lost for many years was fully restored by it. The invention is all the more satisfactory as it is out of sight and does not require to be held in position. And while it can be readily removed or inserted by the patients themselves it is withal curative in action and comfortable to wear. feb18-4td.

Working Classes Attention.

We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. dec24-86-1y.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Wall St., N. Y.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them, with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Schuyler's Hardware.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

A very pretty piece of work we have in silver is a spoon holder and call bell combined; best quadruple plate, ornamental, handy and not high priced.

Carving knives and forks in sets from 75 cents to twenty dollars, with or without cases.

If you want something handsome for the table we have it in a dozen pearl handled, heavily plated dinner knives in a blue plush case lined with satin; a little expensive but worth all we ask.

Our trade on silver is increasing; advertising and a large line of reliable ware to select from is what causes it. We just received 50 dozen spoons and forks in a variety of patterns and have some more of those lower priced casters on the way. Lower priced because they are plain, but just as heavily plated as the more expensive patterns.

Handsome tea and coffee pots in solid brittania, bright as silver and will wear a life time and always keep their color. Tea kettles in galvanized iron, agate iron, copper, plain and fancy, polished and nickle plated, light and durable.

One of the handiest things about the kitchen is the new combination flour and sugar sifter; answers for a measure and scoop, egg beater, rice washer, fruit strainer. You buy it of agents at seventy-five cents, we sell it to you for 25 cents.

Sign of the big Yale Lock Key.

J. R. SCHUYLER & CO.

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LIMITED.

MILTO, Pa.,

DEALERS IN

PIANOS

By the following well known makers:

Chickering

A Lesson With A Moral.

WHEN WILL OUR EYES BE OPENED TO THIS GREAT NATIONAL CALAMITY.

The year 1886 played sad havoc with many prominent men of our country.

Many of them died without warning, passing away apparently in the full flush of life.

Others were sick but a comparatively short time. We turn to our files and are astonished to find that most of them died of apoplexy, of paralysis, of nervous prostration, of malignant blood tumor, of Bright's disease, of heart disease, of kidney disease, of rheumatism or of pneumonia.

It is singular that most of our prominent men die of these disorders. Any journalist who watches the telegraph reports, will be astonished at the number of prominent victims of these disorders.

Many statements have appeared in our paper with others to the effect that the disease that carried off so many prominent men in 1886, are really one disease, taking different names according to the location of the fatal effects.

When a valuable horse perishes, it becomes the nine days' talk of the sporting world, and yet thousands of ordinary horses are dying every day, their aggregate loss is enormous, and yet their death creates no comment.

So it is with individuals. The cause of death of prominent men creates comment, especially when it can be shown that one unsuspected disease carries off most of them, and yet "vast numbers of ordinary men and women die before their time every year from the same cause."

It is said if the blood is kept free from uric acid, that heart disease, paralysis, nervous prostration, pneumonia, rheumatism, and many cases of consumption, would never be known. This uric acid, we are told, is the waste of the system, and it is the duty of the kidneys to remove this waste.

We are told that if the kidneys are maintained in perfect health, the uric, kidney, acid is kept out of the blood, and these sudden and universal diseases caused by uric acid will, in a large measure disappear.

But how shall this be done? It is folly to treat effects. If there is any known way of getting at the cause, that way should be known to the public. We believe that Warner's safe cure, of which so much has been written, and so much talked of by the public generally, is now recognized by impartial physicians and the public as the one specific for such diseases.

Because public attention has been directed to this great remedy by means of advertising, some persons have not believed in the remedy. We cannot see how Mr. Warner could immediately benefit the public in any other way, and his valuable specific should not be condemned because some nostrums have come before the public in the same way, any more than that all doctors should be condemned because so many of them are incompetent.

It is astonishing what good opinions you hear on every side, of that great remedy, and public opinion thus based upon an actual experience, has all the weight and importance of absolute truth.

At this time of the year, the uric acid in the blood invites pneumonia and rheumatism, and there is not a man who does not dread these monsters of disease; but he need have no fear of them we are told, if he rid the blood of the uric acid cause.

These words are strong, and may sound like an advertisement, and be rejected as such by unthinking people, but we believe they are the truth, and as such should be spoken by every truth-loving newspaper.

Dress Reform.

Perhaps the most prominent of all the leaders in the movement for reform in the matter of woman's dress, says the Philadelphia *Times*, is Mrs. Jenness Miller, of Washington, who a few years ago attracted considerable attention as a lecturer on various subjects. Believing that nearly if not quite all of the evils which women nowadays suffer are due to the fashions of habit now in vogue, Mrs. Miller has undertaken the work of bringing such reforms about as seem to her practical and easy. She appeared on the lecture platform of the capital, and being well received there, afterward invaded New York and Boston. It is a favorite theory of hers that all women can be well and beautiful, and she presents in support of her theory the fact that the ancients, who paid daily attention to bathing, systematic exercise and healthful clothing, were a race magnificently developed, and she cites further that their power was lost, not through any affliction which they were unable to avert, but through the acceptance of luxurious and enervating customs such as have obtained among us in many places.

Mrs. Miller is a Boston woman by birth, and prior to her marriage had won considerable fame in Massachusetts and the Eastern States as a woman of letters. Her maiden name was Alice Jenness, and she traces her ancestry back to that illustrious stock which gave us Wendell Philips and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Her arguments against the standard fashions, while not novel, are originally treated, and she practices in her own life what many reformers do not, the doctrines she insists others shall accept. Her gowns are loose and flowing, without either sash or belt, having more the appearance of morning robes than of dresses for afternoon or evening wear, and she spurns the use of corset, bustle and stays of every kind.

As a speaker Mrs. Miller is said to be very entertaining. She has a strong but not unwomanly presence, and every movement of her well-developed limbs, whether in posture or repose, is the movement of grace itself. Since she adopted the style of dress which she now asks other women to wear she is said never to have been ill an hour. Unlike some of the reformers of the day, she is not masculine in any thing. It is her theory that whatever reform is accomplished in this respect must be accomplished by womanly women, of whom she "is only one." Socially, she is a delightful companion, being bright and witty, as well as beautiful and well.

In one of the public schools the other day, while the teacher was instructing the scholars on the folly of intemperance, she commenced by saying that liquor was man's greatest enemy. A young Hibernian, fresh from the Emerald Isle, who was listening with much attention, said that we should love our enemies—a statement which the teacher thought was right, though she was much perplexed by the witty remark. "But," continued the boy, with a good-natured smile, and relieving the embarrassment of the teacher, "we shouldn't swallow them." *Portland (Me.) Argus.*

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days,
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways,
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name,
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread and said: "Since you
Are blind but one thing you can do,

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast,
And tangled fly:
I know wild storms are sweeping past
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find,
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,
My thread will have, so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think perhaps this trust has sprung,
From one short word
Said over me when I was young.
So young I heard
It, knowing that 'twas God's name signed
My brow and seale I me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without
It matters not, the bond divine
I never doubt;
I know he set me here, and still
And glad and blind, I wait his will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread,
Who bear the finished web away
And cut the thread:
And bring God's message in the sun
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done.

HE LEADETH ME.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways where heavy shadows be,

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this—I know He holds my hand!
So, whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Ottimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter! He is there.

And more than this: wherever the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in his wisdom He hath led me so.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever see 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "Tomorrow, the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone,
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dare to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows

There is no unbelief.
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why!—

ANON.

A Marvelous Instance of Faith Cure.

HOW A YOUNG GIRL WHO WAS SAID TO BE LAMED FOR LIFE PROPHESIED THE HOUR OF HER CURE, AND GOT UP AND DANCED.

A miraculous cure, unaccountable except by supernatuaal agency or the wonderful power exercised over the body by a strong mental delusion, was wrought on the 17th at Banksville, about one and one-half miles Southwest of Pittsburg on the person of Miss Maggie Beadling, the young daughter of a coal miner of that place. In a trance last October she claimed to have seen and conversed with the Lord and then received a divine communication to the effect that at 2 P. M., on February 17, she would be raised from the invalid bed on which she had lain for years and be allowed to walk. That morning the young girl was patiently awaiting the happy hour when she would be able to rise, and friends and neighbors who knew of the preparations to receive the healing power of the Almighty gathered at the humble home of Miss Beadling's father.

All were admitted to the room about noon and the utmost solemnity prevailed while the assembled throng awaited the manifestation of the spirit of God. As the hour of 2 o'clock approached a strange, unnatural feeling overcame those present and they seemed overwhelmed by some undefinable presence. All sat amid the most deathly silence and appeared full of fear, but the afflicted girl's face wore an expression of joy and her face seemed to grow in beauty until 2 o'clock. Exactly on the stroke of 2 she arose from the chair with her crutches in her hands and flinging them aside, walked about the room, to the overwhelming astonishment of those present. Her ankle had been pronounced incurable, but she now jumped about the room like a small girl. Her parents almost wept for joy and the greatest excitement prevailed.

The news was noised about in Banksville, and almost the whole population turned out to witness the remarkable case. Religious exercises were held by Rev. Archibald, who was present and watched the cure, and rejoicing continued all day in the Beadling household. To the reporter who had gained admission to the house and saw the cure Miss Beadling said:

"I am cured, I am cured." So overcome was she with joy that she could say nothing more. It is the belief among neighbors that Miss Beadling was sincere in her claim of affliction, and that she had been cured. The trance history of Miss Maggie Beadling is indeed a very remarkable one. She has been an object of curiosity among the people of the little mining village of Banksville for several months past. Persons from a distance have visited her through curiosity, and to all Miss Beadling, without reluctance, has told the same straightforward story.

One thing must be conceded. She is sincere in her statements and so impresses all who talk with her. Miss Beadling is less than 18 years of age and rather handsome, notwithstanding the fact that she is frail and delicate from her long confinement. She speaks in a low, sweet voice and is so earnest in her conversation that the thought never enters the mind of any of her callers that she is practicing deception, however firm may be the belief that Miss Beadling is laboring under some delusion.

In the March Harper's Charles Dudley Warner publishes his latest impressions of Southern industrial and educational progress as gained from his recent trip with "The Harper Party" through the South. This article pleasantly supplements and confirms his paper of two years ago, noting the wonderful advances which are transforming "The New South" into a region of great enterprise. Attractive illustrated articles on this section are special features of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine this year. The April number of the latter periodical will open with a splendidly illustrated article on "Chattanooga," and similar subjects will have a place in each succeeding number.

Changing the Jury System.

WHAT A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS IN OPPOSITION TO THE PROPOSED NEW LAW.

The bill reported from the Judiciary General Committee to the Lower House of the State Legislature, making a two-thirds vote in a jury competent for a verdict in Court trials, has attracted universal attention among the lawyers of the State. Concerning the measure the prevailing opinion is that our laws are for two purposes—to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. Protection of the innocent takes precedence. It is more important that nineteen criminals should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. When I speak of 'law' I mean the mode of administering our laws adopted by the friends of human liberty and progress has arrived at such perfection as to require twelve of a man's peers to agree as to his guilt. It seems to me to be unwise to interfere with or change that positive requirement of the jury agreeing upon a defendant's guilt before he can be convicted and punished. A change might lead to the conviction of guilty men who now escape. It might more readily lead to the conviction of innocent men, and we shall always be opposed to the removal of any barrier the wisdom of our ancestors erected against the oppression of innocence. In civil cases we think it would be a safe change to rest the verdict upon two-thirds of the jury. In such cases the Court always takes the responsibility of setting aside such verdicts as it disapproves. The Constitution would certainly have to be amended before such a law as the one proposed could be enacted.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the mention by the newspapers of sudden deaths, and of late the alarming frequency of the statement that death was caused by rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have been noticed. In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which are far more dangerous than is generally considered. Is there any positive cure? The best answer to such a question is given by those who *have been cured* by the use of Athlophoros.

Greenfield, Mass., May 19, 1886.

I have been troubled with rheumatism in one of my knees for years, being at times laid up for several days. Athlophoros has entirely cured me. It has also cured two friends of mine who were the worst cases I ever saw, one of them a young man only 16 years old, who was so bad the doctors gave him up. Two bottles of your remedy entirely cured him.

GEO. W. SPURR, Mg'r Diamond Soap Co.

October 14, 1885.

Two bottles of Athlophoros cured me of inflammatory rheumatism. My family physician advised me to take it, saying he had done all he could, but could not give me any relief; but Athlophoros drove it away, and I am happy to say it has never come back. My daughter was also cured by half a bottle after suffering the pangs of rheumatism. MRS. JANE DOWNEY,
24 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.

Northampton, Mass., May 21, 1886.

For many years I have been subject to rheumatism in its worst forms. During my last siege of sickness I was induced to try Athlophoros, and found it to be all it claimed to be, a cure for rheumatism.

LEVI I. CLARK.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney disease, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

Prevents Roup, Prevents Gapes, Prevents Cholera, Prevents Egg-Eating, Prevents Laying Soft Eggs, Makes Hens Lay.

IT IS NO POWDER. IT IS NO MEDICINE.

It Sells for Five Cents Per Pound, in Boxes.

Chick-chick-er-re-kee (poultry food and preventive of disease for poultry), the great egg food, produces eggs prodigiously and is good for the health of the fowling. It is the first article of its kind ever Patented in the United States, Canada and England. Try it. It costs only five cents per pound. It is no powder. Chickens will eat it. That ought to convince you that it is good. If your Grocer, Druggist, Hardware or Country Storekeeper will not get it for you, send me one dollar, and I will ship you a twenty-pound box by freight, or one hundred pounds for five dollars. A large box will cost you no more freight than a small box. Attend to your poultry, if you want to make a profit out of them, just the same as you attend to your land. Unless you manure your land it will not pay you. Just so with poultry; you must give them something besides feed. They must have material to answer for grinders, and material for the egg. If you feed Chick-chick-er-re-kee (egg feed) every day you will never have any sick chickens, and your hens will lay more than otherwise they would not. You will never do without it after a fair trial. Do not pay twenty-five or fifty cents a pound for medicine to feed your poultry when you can get a better article from your storekeeper at five cents a pound. Don't be a clam; try it. Manufactured in the United States only by

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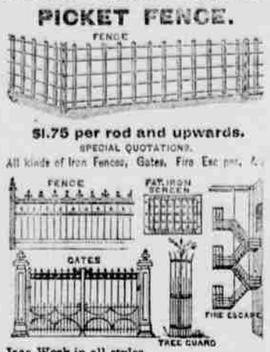

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RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 28, 1886.

Pardee Medicine Co.,

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I am, very truly yours,
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Less than one-half the Amount cured him.

John C. Heron, of 46, 4th street, Rochester, has been troubled for years with rheumatism in the shoulders and about the heart. He gave a physician ten dollars for an examination, and he merely informed him that he had rheumatism of the heart. He was cured by Dr. Pardee's Rheumatic Remedy, and for less than one-half the money paid for the examination.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Pardee's Remedy, and take no other. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

Pardee Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y
nov. 26 86 1y.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.
BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH. p.m.	p.m.	a.m	STATIONS.	SOUTH. a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
9 00	12 30	8 30	....Scranton....	6 10	9 15	2 05
8 54	12 26	8 26	....Bellevue....	6 15	9 20	2 10
8 48	12 22	8 22	...Taylorville...	6 20	9 26	2 15
8 40	12 15	8 16	..Lackawanna..	6 27	9 34	2 22
8 33	12 08	8 10	....Pittston....	6 34	9 41	2 30
8 27	12 03	8 03	..West Pittston.	6 40	9 47	2 36
8 22	11 58	7 58	....Wyoming....	6 45	9 52	2 41
8 17	11 54	7 54	....Maltby.....	6 49	9 56	2 44
8 12	11 50	7 50	....Bennett....	6 53	10 00	2 47
8 08	11 47	7 47	....Kingston....	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 08	11 47	7 47	....Kingston....	6 58	10 05	2 50
8 03	11 42	7 42	Plymouth Junc	7 02	10 10	2 55
7 59	11 38	7 38	....Plymouth....	7 07	10 15	3 00
7 54	11 34	7 34	....Avondale....	7 12	10 20	3 05
7 50	11 30	7 30	....Nanticoke...	7 15	10 25	3 10
7 43	11 23	7 23	Hunlock's Creek	7 23	10 32	3 17
7 30	11 12	7 12	..Shickshinny...	7 37	10 44	3 29
7 18	11 00	7 00	...Hick's Ferry..	7 50	11 11	3 52
7 11	10 54	6 54	..Beach Haven..	7 57	11 06	3 58
7 03	10 47	6 47	.....Berwick....	8 04	11 13	4 05
6 58	10 41	6 41	..Briar Creek...	8 10	11 20	4 12
6 54	10 38	6 38	..Willow Grove..	8 14	11 25	4 16
6 50	10 34	6 34	...Lime Ridge...	8 18	11 29	4 20
6 42	10 27	6 27	.....Espy.....	8 25	11 36	4 27
6 36	10 21	6 21	....Bloomsburg...	8 30	11 44	4 34
6 30	10 16	6 16	.....Rupert....	8 36	11 50	4 40
6 25	10 11	6 11	Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	11 55	4 46
6 08	9 56	5 56	....Danville....	8 58	12 13	5 04
6 00	9 49	5 49	....Mulusky....	9 05	12 20	5 12
5 55	9 45	5 45	....Cameron....	9 08	12 25	5 17
5 40	9 32	5 32	Northumberland	9 25	12 40	5 35
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.
Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb.16,'82

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect Jan. 30, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 5.30 p. m.; Baltimore, 5.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.48 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.15 p. m.; New York, 8.50 p. m.; New York, 8.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m. Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run on this train from Williamsp't to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

9.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and all intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.53.—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Cook Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

3.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.25 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53 a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m. with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 3.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 3.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.10 p. m., Sunbury 5.10p.m

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

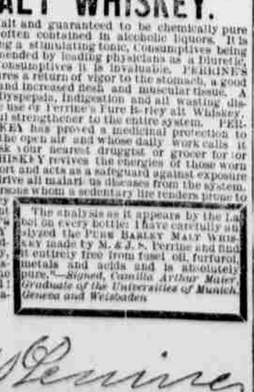
Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. de.24-86-1y

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY **MALT WHISKEY.**

DISTILLED from selected Barley Malt and guaranteed to be chemically pure and free from injurious oils and acids often contained in alcoholic liquors. It is especially adapted to persons requiring a stimulating tonic, Consumptives being greatly benefited by its use. Recommended by leading Physicians as a Diuretic, Nervine, Tonic and Alterative. For Consumptives it is invaluable. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY insures a return of vigor to the stomach, a good appetite, a rich and abundant blood and increased flesh and muscular tissue. A cases can be effectively conquered by the use of Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. It is a tonic and diuretic and a powerful strengthener to the entire system. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY has proved a medicinal protection to those who pursue their avocations in the open air and whose daily work calls it exceptional powers of endurance. Ask your nearest druggist or grocer for (or out with excessive bodily or mental effort and acts as a safeguard against exposure in wet and rigorous weather. It will drive all malarial diseases from the system. Hard workers of every vocation and persons whom a sedentary life renders prone to Dyspepsia find in Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey a powerful invigorant and helper to digestion. PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY without unduly stimulating the kidneys increases their flagging activity, counteracts the effects of fatigue, has tend complacence and is a wholesome and prompt diuretic. Watch the label! None genuine unless bearing the signature



The analysis as it appears by the Label on every bottle: I have carefully analyzed the PURE BARLEY MALT WHISKEY made by M. & J. S. Perrine and find it entirely free from fusel oil, furfurol, metals and acids and is absolutely pure."—*Signed, Camillo Arthur Mutter, Graduate of the Universities of Munich, Geneva and Weisbaden*

For sale by all druggists and grocers throughout the United States and Canadas.

37 NORTH FRONT ST.—38 NORTH WATER ST., PHILA.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND ALL DEALERS. jan 8yr

British Agriculture.

It seems now to be settled that under existing conditions it does not pay to grow grain or raise cattle in the best part of the Continent and the British Isles. For this curious and alarming state of things the world is indebted to the extension of steam navigation to all parts of the earth. Wheat, barley, oats, etc., can be grown on almost any arable land. It follows that whatever the factors are most favorable that region gets the benefit of this cheap access to the consuming market. A few years ago India contributed but 90,000 bushels of wheat to countries outside of the peninsula. Its export supply is now about 50,000,000 bushels, and with the extension of the railway system it will have fully 100,